

VOL. III.

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THE  
MONTH.

AUGUST 1865.



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## The Bourne in Mexico.

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It is easy to conjure up a fancy picture of what Mexico must have been for the three centuries during which it was a dependency on the mother country. They were divided by four thousand miles of ocean, which the galleons took at least three months to traverse. Twice in the year they went and came. They brought to the colony royal ordinances which must be obeyed, and royal delegates to govern in the distant sovereign's name; and they bore away on their return the rich treasures of that richest province of the vast Spanish empire. Many will be ready to say, what must have been the misery and degradation of Mexico in those days, groaning under the double yoke of arbitrary viceroys and the fanatical Inquisition; and drained of its material wealth to swell the overgrown luxury of the parent State! Stubborn facts, however, stand in the way of the full flow of any such plausible imagination. Whatever abuses may have existed, and whatever amount of misgovernment may have prevailed, one thing is certain—Mexico was contented, nay, proud of her condition, and had no longings after national autonomy. Of this we have irrefragable proof in one telling fact. A country eight times the size of France, with a population of sixteen millions, and ruled by the representative of a sovereign it never beheld, was kept in tranquillity by the presence of an army rarely numbering above 8,000 men. The convoys of silver to the coast for embarkation never had any escort to guard them. The first car simply bore a banner with these words: "The King's money." It was protection enough. When the first news arrived of the French invasion of Spain in 1808, far from seizing the opportunity which the distresses of the mother country afforded for emancipation, all ranks of men joined in an earnest and cordial invitation to Charles IV. to take refuge in this faithful portion of his dominions.

It was only when Mexico, with the rest of Spanish America, found itself abandoned to its own resources, that the banner of independence was raised, and the idea of forming a republic first arose. No nation could possibly have been less fitted by its origin, habits, and constitution for such a form of government. The neighbourhood of the United States must of course be taken into account as one of the promoting causes of its ultimate acceptance. It was a part of

their policy to encourage what their example already suggested ; but, as is well known, its adoption was preceded by experiments of another character. So late as 1821 Don Augustino Iturbide, then at the head of the Mexican nation, proposed to form a constitutional monarchy under an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand VII. declined the proposition ; and with the Emperor Augustino I., who was speedily swept from his ephemeral throne by the successful soldier Santa Anna, all hopes of establishing a monarchy disappeared. The downward course of revolution to anarchy and despotism rapidly set in ; and perhaps no nation has ever had a longer experience of the bitter fruits of a state of society lacking a recognised permanent supreme authority. In Mexico, at all events, the new state of things could not even secure a day's quiet possession of property and life to the individual members of a nation nominally in the full enjoyment of all the rights of a pure democracy. All that was sound and good in Mexico had but one opinion on this subject. As soon as the defeat of Juarez and his adherents by the French made any really free act possible, an Assembly of Notables, chosen from all classes to decide on the future constitution, commissioned five of their number to draw up a report embodying their unanimous resolution, and the motives which had led to it. This document, in the terrible picture which it presents of the course of shame and of blood through which the country had been dragged for half a century, will remain as a perpetual memorial of what can be effected by mere national independence, apart from all the guardian principles of liberty and order. Most remarkable also is the testimony it gives to the beneficent influence of the old Spanish rule. To those times the Commissioners, speaking in the name of the Assembly, revert with fond regret : " We cannot fail to admire," they say, " the bright traces left in our country by that series of monarchs who from across the ocean's immense expanse extended their protecting sceptre over Mexico. A special legislation, full of prudence and wisdom, shielded the natives from those persecutions which are sure to weigh heavy on a weak, ignorant, and superstitious people humbled by conquest. Here the power of the prince would not have sufficed. The tender solicitude of a father was needed to adapt the laws to the peculiar customs and habitual vices of the Indians, in order to soften the former and correct the latter, abating in their regard the ordinary severity of justice. The individual, the family, the commune, the native village, all were the objects of the zealous care of these monarchs, who looked on themselves as the tutors and guardians of a race of men worthy in their eyes of the most benignant protection. Asylums, hospitals, schools—erected with the exclusive object of



providing for the material wants and intellectual culture of their new subjects—such were not the least among the benefits lavished upon Mexico by the Spanish government.” We may add, that every facility and provision for their Christian instruction were abundantly furnished; and the Indians are to this day, however ignorant they may often be, the most fervent and devoted Catholics. The report proceeds to speak of the bridges, the great roads, the magnificent cities, with their superb aqueducts, churches, and palaces—all constructed by an authority which made itself felt in the colony only to confer benefits.

The report goes on to say, that it would be an endless task were the Commission to attempt to enumerate all the glorious monuments of the wisdom, the piety, and munificence of the Spanish sovereigns; and it concludes this topic with these memorable words, that there is no Mexican “who cannot point to the day and the hour when Mexico, bidding adieu to the sweet enjoyments it tasted at the height of its prosperity and wealth, entered on that path of declension down which it has travelled for fifty years.” This unbought tribute to the excellence of the old *régime* speaks for itself. But it will be said, were there no abuses, no imperfections under the ancient administration? Doubtless there were. Where, it may be asked in reply, shall we find a government free from such? But it had its corrective in itself. It was a Christian government, administered in a Christian spirit; and this one quality is sufficient to remedy or abate the evil consequences of a thousand defects, and to give life and vigour to all that is good. On the other hand, the new modern systems of government, with all their perfection of organisation, with all their exquisite machinery, just because they are not Christian, lack that vivifying principle which can render what is good effective, and which acts so powerfully to hinder what is deficient or bad from developing itself and issuing in the most disastrous results.

The prosperity of Mexico while a colonial dependency, if no monuments remained to prove it, would be evidenced by the simple fact that the spontaneous gifts of private individuals to government are said to have exceeded in amount all that was raised by taxation.

In a country at once so rich and so Catholic, the churches were sure to lack neither grandeur of architecture nor costly adornment; and, in spite of revolutionary spoliation, a portion of their magnificence still remains to tell of what has passed away. The cathedral of Puebla is described in glorious terms of admiration by an eye-witness, a French Zouave officer\* of the army of intervention, as he

\* *Les Bivouacs de Vera Cruz à Mexico.* Par un Zouave. Paris, 1865.

saw it after the capture of the city. It would not please our lovers of Gothic architecture, which, indeed, does not seem to flourish below a certain parallel of latitude; but no one can deny that the conception is grandiose, and bespeaks the wealth and pious munificence of the people who raised this splendid edifice. The belfry alone is said to have cost five hundred thousand francs. It contains thirty enormous bells. When the full peal is rung, as it always is on the numerous festivals of the Mexican calendar, it is enough, says our officer, to drive you wild. The Mexicans, however, delight in the deafening clang. The monster bell of the peal weighs above nine tons, and cost forty-five thousand francs. The great cupola of the church is covered with green and golden porcelain, which must impart something of an oriental character to it. Bright colours, indeed, seem the instinctive taste of the children of sunny lands. The interior of the edifice is as striking as the exterior; and its altars and sacred vessels still glitter with gold, silver, and precious stones. From what remains we may judge of the riches of the sanctuary before the revolutionary spoiler had set his foot in it. The church-plate alone is said to have been of fabulous value; while in the sacristy stood a great lavabo, surmounted by an image of St. Michael, all of solid silver. This massive treasure has tempted the cupidity of the Liberals, as well as the immense lustres of solid silver, with gold drops, which, with the exception of one only, have disappeared. In this beautiful cathedral, which also possesses some fine pictures, and in all the rich church-furniture of which it can still boast, it is not a mere barbaric display of costly metals and jewels which dazzles and astonishes, for every where the skill and taste of the artificer deserve the highest admiration.

The low estimate that has universally been formed of the Mexicans as soldiers has led people in Europe very much to undervalue the gallantry of the French army of intervention, and its patient endurance of the difficulties and sufferings peculiar to the warfare in which it was engaged. In order fully to appreciate the merit of these brave men, many circumstances ought to be taken into account which cannot figure in mere official reports; and we must own to having had a very inadequate idea of all which they had to undergo, until we had perused this simple journal of a Zouave officer, recounting the incidents of his bivouacs from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

A country in the condition of Mexico is easily defended by its very disadvantages. An army must be provided with its own means of subsistence, in order to traverse regions very thinly populated, and abounding in vast uncultivated tracts. How must difficulties be increased when the enemy remorselessly devastates the territory in

advance, destroying crops, breaking millstones, and burning villages ! A nation has sometimes spontaneously performed such deeds in self-defence ; but Mexico was the patient, not the actor, in the resistance opposed to the march of the French army into the interior by Juarez's adherents. The climate was another powerful adversary. The detachment to which the young officer belonged landed at Vera Cruz at a moment when the *vomito negro* was at its height. First impressions must have been of a dismal character ; most of the inhabitants had fled from the raging epidemic, leaving none but those whom important business or commercial interests retained in the infected city, and the little French garrison, which this terrible scourge was daily reducing. Add to this, a sun pouring down its vertical rays from a sky never veiled by a cloud, and a hideous stench arising from the pestilential streets, which had no other scavengers but flocks of the most repulsive-looking vultures, abounding in this country, which squabble with each other for the possession of the heaps of filth which the inhabitants throw out at their doors. The law protects these disagreeable birds for the good office they perform, by a fine of twenty piastres on the person who kills one. Aware of their impunity, they scarce step out of their way to allow you to pass. In addition to all these physical annoyances, the French suffered from their unpopularity with the inhabitants of Vera Cruz,—a money-getting race, who, from pecuniary motives, were inimical to the intervention. For both these causes—the frightful insalubrity of the place, and the ill-humour of its citizens—there was every reason to send off the reinforcements inland as fast as such a measure was possible. But they had still to encounter the fiery ordeal of a passage through the *tierra caliente*. The French will soon have completed the Medellin railroad, which will enable the troops to traverse this region—the European's terror—in four or five hours ; indeed, this desirable object may have been already effected. With the exception of this tract of land on the sea-board, the whole province of Vera Cruz is extremely mountainous ; and, while undergoing the combined tortures which are the product of a tropical sun beating down upon a steaming swamp, the eye of the fainting traveller is tantalised by a view of the towering peak of the beautiful Citlatepetl (the mountain star), with its dazzling crown of eternal snow. Thick forests, in which the woodman's axe is never heard, and where trees of a gigantic size abound, clothe the sides of the Cordillera ; and the streams at the mountain's feet keep ever fresh the verdure of a redundant vegetation. Every thing tells of the bountifulness of nature in a land which scarcely needs cultivation to yield a rich return.

The newly-arrived French troops camp in a marsh, by the charred

ruins of a village, and await the great convoy of provisions which they are to escort to their half-starving countrymen at Orizaba. The experience of their African warfare has taught them to transport their supplies on mules; but here, unfortunately, were no mules, as the enemy had monopolised the greater part, and the rest had been sent inland by their cautious proprietors. Three hundred heavy Mexican wagons, with enormous wheels, the cast-off carriages of the enemy, were the only available substitute; and these had to be dragged by over-taxed and extenuated teams, driven by reluctant Indians, sure to take to their heels as soon as they heard the report of a musket. Road there was none, but a mere path through the thick wood,—at this season a perfect quagmire,—in which one or other of these ponderous vehicles was constantly becoming imbedded, bringing the whole line to a stand. Numerous bands of guerillas dogged them on their way, concealed by the bush, and awaiting these favourable opportunities to rush upon the convoy and pour in a shower of balls. Then disappearing in the covert, they would hasten on to some other difficult piece of ground well known to them, but which took the French by surprise, and there renew their attack. Upon these occasions the *arrieros* (Indian drivers) increased the confusion by taking to flight. The brave Zouaves plunge into the wood to grapple hand to hand with the invisible foe, pressing forward to the spot where trumpets and bugles are sounding a recall. In vain. When they reach it, not a man is visible. In this tangled swampy wilderness it is impossible to pursue an enemy whom you cannot even see, and who takes good care never to attack you when you *can* see him, in the face of day or in a fair field. He is only bold from behind a tree, or when he can poke his musket through a hole in a wall. Now let us picture to ourselves the close of such a day of fatigue; and many days were consumed in this painful march. Imagine encamping in profound darkness and amid a deluge of rain, which has poured incessantly from morn till evening, varied only by hail. Lighting fires is out of the question. The Zouave can do almost any thing, and bear almost any thing; his multifarious ingenuity competes with his admirable patience. When some of the frequent casualties of the warfare to which he is used deprives him of his daily ration, he can laugh at the little calamity; but there is one thing which he can not forego and keep his temper—his coffee. The Zouave loves his hot coffee beyond and above every thing—experience has proved its value to him; but coffee cannot be prepared in this down-pour. Here and there from the midst of the pitchy darkness an oath breaks upon your ear; it is elicited by this climax of human misery. Well, he must e'en content himself with his pipe and a bit

of dry biscuit, and lie down in his drenched clothes in a bed of mud; hardly to repose, however, notwithstanding the sedative of the twelve previous hours' intense fatigue; for the guerillas lurking in the bush take care to disturb, if they cannot otherwise annoy him with an occasional shot. But these are not the only enemies to rest. Even the falling torrents do not discourage the mosquitoes, who come in buzzing hosts to their human banquet. They are one of the numerous plagues of the *tierra caliente*, which swarms with stinging and blood-sucking insects, not to speak of wild-beasts and serpents large and small. Our friend describes a gigantic cobra da capella, upon whose soft cold body a Zouave unwittingly laid his hand while engaged in pitching a tent. Fortunately, the reptile was sleepy and stupefied by the rain, so that there was time to kill him before he was aroused in his strength. He was soon skinned, cut up, boiled, and eaten. A Zouave is not dainty; and what is there which Frenchmen cannot make palatable by cookery? Nevertheless, our officer seems to have thought that it required as much or more intrepidity to eat the monster than to slay him, and stuck to his dry biscuit on this occasion.

In the high lands you get rid of the mosquito and some other kindred plagues, but you do not escape the *chico*, an almost imperceptible insect, which burrows between the outer skin and epidermis, where in the course of a few hours it has laid thousands of eggs, and you begin to be eaten up with a frightful rapidity. In this there is neither metaphor nor exaggeration. The Indians, who go barefoot, often lose several of their toes, and children have been known to die in consequence of the injuries inflicted on their heads and face by this almost microscopic bug.

Besides the chicos, the temperate zone has its own special scourges. If you leave the vomito negro in the plain, you meet, on your ascent, with other local fevers, besides dysentery, typhus, and enlargement of the liver. The rarefaction of the air affects the breathing, and those whose lungs are affected soon succumb. "Nothing but imperious necessity," said the superintendent of the convoy, "can induce a man to remain in Mexico, where, besides the dangers of the climate, you have to endure so many other tribulations." This man was the son of a Castilian muleteer, who was in easy circumstances in his own country until an epidemic amongst the mules ruined him; he emigrated to Mexico, where he fell a victim to the climate, but not before realising a property worth 250,000 francs. But this was in the old times. The agents of the new government deprived the son of the greater part of his inheritance; the rest he spent in fruitless law proceedings, and had finally to begin life again.

The account which this intelligent man gave of the state of the

anarchy and demoralisation of the country was fearful. The rights of property were a dead letter; duplicity reigned every where, in the conduct of private individuals as well as in that of the *employés*. Men accustomed to be cheated, cheat in their turn. So habitual is the practice that they seem to have lost the very perception of the nobleness of truth, and laugh at the sincerity and good faith of the French soldier, as if it were an intellectual foible. The Spanish carter allowed, however, that there were some sensible persons in Mexico, but they all thought as he did. "A gangrene," he said, "is eating away this phantom of a nation; and it is ready to disappear from the face of the world if France does not accomplish her work." Ever since Mexico threw off the yoke it has never been able to form a respectable government. Greedy and ignorant men have seized, in succession, on the sovereign power; and in thirty years the country has retrograded a century, without having the slightest suspicion of the fact.

The account of the mule-driver was confirmed by one of our own countrymen, long resident in Mexico, with whom our soldier who had joined the convoy had made acquaintance. Neither he nor his comrades having the smallest notion for what purpose they had been sent two thousand leagues from their own home, he was glad to get a little light on the subject of Mexican affairs. His informer was, like the carter, a sufferer from the arbitrary acts of Juarez's government. It would be difficult indeed to find any one, except the immediate adherents of that revolutionary brigand, and the army of robbers under his command, engaged at this present in the so-called defence of the country, who have not more or less reason to make the same complaint. The office of president has long been the prize of a kind of military lottery, drawn about every two or three years. In this bloody and desolating game the republic has lost its credit, the agriculture of the country has been ruined, the population has been decimated. To aim at the presidency has become the universal mania; there is not a cadet, perhaps, in the military school of Chapultepec who is not longing to have his turn and to try his luck. Ever since a soldier of fortune numbering but twenty-seven years won the great prize, no one despairs of a like success. Every one dreams of grasping by a bold stroke what Miramon obtained with no better pretensions. Not that Miramon was by any means the most unworthy of the occupants of the presidential chair; which is, however, to say but little for him. This lottery for supreme power might be viewed as a piece of buffoonery, were its results not so deplorable. To see attorneys, and even attorneys' clerks, flinging away their gowns to gird on a sword and play the general, that they may have a stake



in the game, a chance from the turn of the wheel, is certainly a ridiculous spectacle enough. The misfortune is, that there are perhaps no more pitiless wielders of authority than the men who leave some little quiet trade to gamble for power; no hands at once more greedy and more prodigal than those of ignoble rulers whom a lucky chance has made, and whom the lucky chance of another may any day unmake. The more haste, therefore, to get rich. This system prevailed throughout. Minor offices were won after the same fashion as the presidential arm-chair. The whole country lay prostrate at the mercy of brute force. A subordinate officer, a sergeant at the head of a little detachment, no sooner enters a village than at once he proclaims himself its dictator. In the midst of the terrified Indians he strikes the ground with his sword and calls for a loan of money, which no one dares to refuse, and which no one expects to be repaid. Would that this were all, and that nothing worse than exaction was to be apprehended from such visits; but these little tyrants are men who neither fear God above them nor respect their fellow-man. They deem that every thing is theirs by right of conquest. No sooner, therefore, is the dust of an approaching body of lancers visible than the respectable inhabitants take to flight, and mothers carry off their daughters to the mountains to shield them from insult.

Revolutions, as we know, bring the scum to the surface; a new race seems to start into life; strange actors come on the scene, and you wonder whence they have come, and where they were hidden, or what was their avocation in the days of order. Let us trace some of the *corps dramatique* of the Mexican revolution home. Ever and anon at intervals you discern, while travelling through the vast territory of the republic, small ill-cultivated farms by the river side, taking their chance, as it were, of the vicissitudes of the season. Here and there you spy a field of Indian corn, parched up if it be summer, and choked with weeds in the rainy months; some miserable bullocks crop the herbage outside the hedges, and take a long melancholy stare at the passer-by. If curiosity lead you to penetrate into the *ranch*o, you will be struck with its cheerless, homeless air—no furniture except one or two mats and some greasy stools; ranged against the wall are plates of all colours and pots of all shapes, representing dogs, ducks, or other animals. In front of you, you observe a picture of Our Lady. You rejoice to see this one hopeful sign. Fallen, degraded, corrupted as she is, Mexico is still Catholic. But do not raise your hopes too high as to the personal morality or piety of the owner of this wretched farm. Step into the inner room, and you marvel at seeing saddles plated with silver, harness, arms, spurs in

the same style, two or three handsome *zarapes* (the outer garment commonly worn), a guitar, and generally a pretty girl looking after the domestic work of this mysterious abode. She may be the wife of the *dueño*, but of this you cannot be sure. But of one thing you may be certain, if you look into the back yard, that our negligent farmer has another trade, which he exercises more diligently and more profitably than his ostensible calling. For there you will see two or three fine horses, not good serviceable farm beasts, but animals trained for speed, and in the highest condition. The farmer, in fact, is almost always a highway-robber. You also see him figuring in all his bravery of attire (and no costume is richer or more picturesque than the national dress of the Mexican) at cock-fights, bull-fights, fairs, and fandangos. Two or three of these gay cavaliers may be frequently met prancing into a village, where they hang about the taverns, talk pleasantly to the comers and goers, and withal collect information useful in the non-agricultural portion of their profession. At the news of the great prizes won in the military career, these bandits emerged from their obscurity and took a part in politics. Here we must seek the origin of leaders like Carvajal, Diaz, Rojas, Leyva, Cueillar, Valencia, Butron,\* who might be seen at the head of their followers, entering towns with banners flying and trumpets sounding, and received with solemn honours by the republican authorities. Of Carvajal, promoted to be governor of the state of Tlaxcala and a general in the Mexican army, deeds of ferocity and license are related which make the blood boil with indignation, but which the pen recoils from recording. Our Zouave says that people cross themselves when the terrible brigand is named, as do the good peasants in his native village at a flash of lightning. The image of this wretch, whom he figured to himself as a diabolical-looking being, half-man, half-beast in appearance, haunted our Zouave in his dreams and weighed on him like a nightmare. What was his surprise to learn from those who had seen him that this monster of vice was a young man of some eight-and-twenty years, with a handsome face and distinguished manners, more those of a polished gentleman than of a chief of banditti! He has made about fifteen millions of francs by his exploits, which the liberal government has rewarded in the manner already noticed.

Men like Carvajal and his soldiers are of course strangers even to those conventional humanities, a departure from which is considered to be disgraceful in modern warfare. We may form some vague

\* Butron and his band were taken by the French after entering Mexico. They were summarily tried and shot.



idea of the horrors of war as carried on by these brigand chiefs when we find a humane and generous Frenchman, who expresses intense abhorrence of their ferocious deeds, speaking of the destruction of *Solidad* by his countrymen as an act of rigorous justice. The men of this place—which expression, in a large village numbering two thousand souls, can signify only a certain proportion of its inhabitants—had intercepted and seized a convoy of munitions. So, in chastisement of this act, the whole town had been given up to the flames a short time previously. The church did not escape the general ruin. The house alone of the curé was left standing, because he was of French extraction, together with that of the *alcalde*,—it is not said why. *Solidad* must have been a charming abode before its destruction (observes our friend), to judge by the richness of the surrounding gardens and fields. It was while halting at this spot, engaged in preparing means for passing the *Rio Jamapa*, the magnificent bridge over the stream having been destroyed by the guerillas a few days before, in hopes of hindering the advance of the convoy, that a post stationed on an eminence gave the joyful intelligence that a column of men in the French uniform was advancing on the other bank. It was a detachment of friends in arms, with whom they had lately communicated by means of one of their *arrieros* who had undertaken the perilous office of carrying a letter announcing their approach, and appointing a meeting on the banks of the river. They had believed their messenger to have been drowned. He had to cross the river, which was pouring its swollen volume in a rapid current. For a moment he gazed on the turbid stream, and seemed to hesitate; then plunged into the dark waters, and never rose again. They mourned the poor man's miserable end, or still more, perhaps, their own utter inability to communicate with their countrymen, now in the utmost distress for want of provisions, as they had learnt from a despatch brought by an Indian, who crawled out of the bush thoroughly exhausted, having narrowly escaped being shot by the Zouaves, who mistook him for a foe. The Indians, when well rewarded, will accomplish the most perilous feats where cunning and dexterity are required. It turned out that their messenger (the *arriero* who bore the reply) had only dived, walked a few steps at the bottom of the stream, and then caught hold of some branches overhanging the high bank, where he had remained concealed some time with his mouth just above water, for fear that the guerillas might have seen him from the opposite bank. By and bye he crossed, and repeated the same manœuvre, lying hid in the water until his acute senses informed him that the coast was clear, when he crawled on shore, made a dash through the wood, and arrived just in time to

prevent the Capitaine Morand from leaving his post in discouragement and falling back to Cordova.

A five days' halt on the banks of the Jamapa, employed in throwing up some entrenchments, in order to the permanent occupation of this important post, proved fatal to the health of the newly-arrived detachment. The Minister of War had recommended that the successive detachments landed should traverse the Tierra Caliente very rapidly. But, however desirable, it was impossible for them to carry out their directions, hampered as they had been with the charge of a heavy convoy, and provided with only the most cumbrous means of transport. Yet so long as the party moved on, however slowly, the men had borne up pretty well, although the tremendous sufferings of the march were such that our Zouave tells us that he himself often felt a strong temptation to lie down in the bush, utterly regardless of the danger of losing sight of the column even for a moment, followed as they were by bands of guerillas. Life, he says, is little thought of on such occasions; and it is strong self-love alone—perhaps our strongest natural sentiment, taking the form of the sense of honour—which keeps soldiers in their ranks under such accumulated physical sufferings. To carry your own body along under a tropical sun in a boiling marsh is torture enough; but it will be recollected that each was encumbered, besides his arms, with a very heavy knapsack. An unhappy young man of the company, seized with a fit of despair, maddened probably by the burning sun, suddenly stood still and blew his brains out. He was not twenty. Under these trying circumstances, the affectionate intercourse which subsists between the Zouaves and their officers, and which perhaps can alone subsist in regiments long living under the tent, had the most beneficial effect in supporting the men. Instead of dealing out rough words or peremptory orders, the officers, themselves suffering as much as the rest, would come and encourage their exhausted soldiers with the tender kindness of brothers: in return, the men idolise their officers; and discipline, it seems, has in nowise suffered from this familiarity.

When the convoy moved on, the sick, who numbered above two hundred, made a desperate effort to drag themselves after it. Our friend, whom his own weakness kept in the rear-guard, was an eyewitness of their heart-rending sufferings. The ground rises from Solidar, but as yet there is no abatement of insalubrity. On all sides extends a very Eden of fertility; yet is it a desert as respects inhabitants, and must remain so, as long as it is scoured by bands of robbers sure of impunity. The unhealthiness of the Tierra Caliente must, it is true, prove for a long time to come an obstacle to the permanent settlement of Europeans; but the Indian can endure the

evil influences of the climate, and would live and prosper in those regions where no labour is needed for existence, save to put forth the hand and pluck what nature spontaneously yields, if only he were left at peace.

The rise of the land is so gradual as to be for some time scarcely perceptible; and you are surprised when you find you have insensibly attained the region of the green oak, at whose foot, as by enchantment, the *vomito negro* is said to stop short. A splendid panorama now unrolls itself to view; and while the eye rests with admiration on the magnificent chain of wooded mountains over which proudly towers the white head of Orizaba, the face, long used to air like the furnace-blast, is fanned by a refreshing breeze coming down from the rocky defiles. The beauty of the landscape and the cooler temperature make you forget that you still inhabit a region of death.

From this spot you mount by a succession, as it were, of giant steps, each about twenty leagues in breadth, until you reach the city of Mexico. Hence the abrupt transition of climate and vegetation within very short distances; each plateau having its own specific temperature and produce. The road by which the first great step is ascended in the defile of Chiquihuite is a monument of the labour and skill with which the old Spaniards constructed their main lines of communication. The extinct government of Juarez raised high tolls for their maintenance, and yet suffered them to fall into complete decay, the grasping of dishonest agents absorbing nearly the whole revenue.

Until the arrival of this detachment, the troops posted to guard the defiles of the Chiquihuite\* had been relieved every eight days, on account of the miasma arising from the detritus of these forests, rotting at this season under the combined influence of a burning sun and of the rains which fall every afternoon; and such rains!—as much in a few hours as falls in Europe in a whole season. Imagine how fever and every other malady must flourish in the midst of these unwholesome evaporations. For two mortal months these unfortunate Frenchmen, encamped in tents,—for rain and sun had done their work in making the temporary barracks constructed by their predecessors uninhabitable,—were exposed every morning to the blazing

\* Miramon seized on the defiles of Chiquihuite in 1859, to enable him to command the communications with Vera Cruz, the seat of the government of his rival Juarez. It is a position of much importance, and easily defended. The Mexicans were raising fortifications there on the first arrival of the French army. Amongst the abandoned guns was a large piece of ordnance, cast at Seville in the reign of Philip IV., richly ornamented with arabesques and most curious designs.

rays of the torrid sun, and drenched all the evening by the cataracts of heaven. Night and day they were devoured by insects of all descriptions, amongst which were swarms of huge red ants, voracious in proportion to their bulk, and inflicting very venomous wounds, and hideous hairy scorpions, whose bite was still more serious. Let the reader remember that the campaigning soldier's bed is the bare earth; and he may imagine if even the few whom sickness had spared could sleep in peace with such companions. And sleep they could not! Many, we are assured, had not enjoyed a minute's sound repose for a whole month. The most robust must sink under such trials. Soon provisions also began to fall short; and these two fine battalions, which left Vera Cruz in such gallant trim, were now become miserable handfuls of invalids, piteous to behold. General Forey arrived with fresh reinforcements,—surely now they will be released; but no, the whole army defiles past them, and they might have joined in the lament of the captive knight: "They are gone; they are all passed by; they have left me here to die;" it was settled that they were to keep this post until the siege of Puebla could be undertaken. Amongst the troops which thus preceded them were some in a more lamentable plight even than themselves. They had been detained a fortnight in Vera Cruz. When they landed they numbered 800 strong; a month later but 250 could march in the ranks. As they neared Chiquihuite, it was sad to see numbers of them lie stretched upon the ground, unable to drag themselves further; others arrived only to yield up their last breath. When the welcome order for the advance of our Zouave's company at last arrived, only half could take their places in the ranks. But restoration to health was rapid after passing the bridge over the Atoyac. From that moment the face of the country changes; the land is finely cultivated, as well as inhabited. It was now in the occupation of the French troops, who were gradually clearing it of Juarez's bands; a work in which the new arrivals joined. Security was beginning to be established, confidence restored, and the poor Indians enabled to bring in their produce to market. Cordova, the chief city of this district, seems, however, to have been ill-disposed towards the intervention, and had been a great focus of liberalism in the War of Independence. The stay of our Zouave's company there was not long. They had now to mount the great stair in order to reach the plateau of Anahuac; and all were impatiently anticipating the commencement of regular military operations. The heat of the sun was still intense; but as they attained successive higher levels, the atmosphere became proportionably colder, and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics disappeared. The forest-trees, however, continued superb, and the products of Europe and

America were seen to flourish together on a soil still eminently fertile. But as they mounted to more elevated regions, a change came over every thing, and they began to experience a sensation of positive cold in the atmosphere. This contrast with the blazing fervour of an almost equatorial sun must, we can conceive, be intensely disagreeable. The land is described as barren, dry, and dusty. At every step of the way our Zouave meets with the scene of some gallant deed of his countrymen who had led the way. Speaking of the daring exploit of General Lorencez and his little band, by whom the almost precipitous heights of the Cumbres were scaled and won, an Indian remarked—much, we doubt not, to the honest gratification of the listener—that Frenchmen only could have performed this feat. "After that," he said, "we believed you could do any thing." When the Juarists beheld the French on the summit, struck with a panic at the boldness of the deed, they fled precipitately, abandoning positions deemed impregnable.

We have no intention of following our friend and his comrades step by step; still less do we purpose to narrate any of the military operations of his campaign, the chief feature of which was the siege of Puebla. With a brief notice of the method by which this city—the second in size and importance to the capital—was obstinately, rather than bravely, defended, and a few general remarks, we will conclude. The system of fortification was very ingeniously devised. It consisted in rendering the whole city a conglomeration of forts; and these were provided with a powerful artillery, and defended by twenty thousand men. The streets were, besides, barricaded in the most formidable manner; every house, church, and convent was made available for separate defence, and they were all connected by a net-work of entrenchments, each of which had to be carried in succession. By this means men of no military talent, and soldiers of contemptible value in the field, were able to hold the place by a murderous street-war, after the formidable lines by which the city was externally defended had been won. From every terrace, belfry, battlement, and roof, bullets were showered on the besiegers from unseen hands. From countless apertures in the walls the mouths of the muskets of the concealed braves were alone visible. But it was a war of houses as well as streets. In a labyrinth of courts, passages, galleries, and gardens the French had to make their way blindfold, as it were, surrounded by foes who had a thousand means of inflicting death, and as many of themselves evading it; for never did the enemy willingly meet them face to face, save where the overpowering advantage of numbers and their own local knowledge inspired them with the hope

(generally deceived) of crushing the handful of men with whom they had to deal.

French valour, however, triumphed over every thing; the officers leading the way on occasions where necessarily but one could pass at a time, sometimes bearing torches to light the onward advance of their men, thus making themselves the chief mark for the bullets of the enemy. But the men vied with their officers in daring; they had to be restrained rather than cheered on, and this under circumstances which might well have damped the ardour of the bravest man. To face death without the power to deal a blow in return, is well known to be a severe trial of the metal of a soldier's courage. Yet such was the character of the conflict throughout the siege. When one *quadro*\* was taken, another presented a similar obstacle; when the head of a column entered it, not a single adversary was visible—nothing but walls vomiting death from countless eyelet-holes. But no sooner had a breach been effected under this destructive fire, than the enemy had disappeared behind a fresh wall a little further on. Terrible above all were the nights during which the Juarists poured upon the quarters won by the French an incessant shower of grenades and bombs with a species of insane fury. In spite of all the danger to which the fall of these projectiles exposed their inmates, the houses were almost all tenanted. Our Zouave was eye-witness to some heart-rending scenes; and he still shudders at the recollection of the despairing shriek of a young mother in whose baby's crib a grenade fell and burst. These poor people clung to the French for protection and for subsistence, and had piteous tales to tell of their cruel treatment by the Juarist army, who not only starved the defenceless inhabitants, but drove them out of their dwellings.

The relation of the siege of Puebla is the story of a series of noble deeds of arms which would add lustre to the glory of the French name, were that an easy matter. Anyhow, they furnish a memorable proof that our neighbours can display all the cool, patient, and persevering qualities of valour in as striking a degree as they have always, confessedly, manifested its impulsive heroism. The Zouave is certainly the very *beau idéal* of military prowess. We have said that the Juarist garrison displayed obstinacy rather than courage. A Mexican belonging to the staff, made prisoner during the siege, asked a French officer with some self-complacency, what he thought of the defence. "It was that of a despicable army," was the reply; "for it is only bad troops who hide themselves behind

\* Quadro is the name given in Mexico to the uniform rectangles of houses of which the different quarters of a city are composed.



entrenchments and never venture on a sally. You had many opportunities to break our line, if you could have placed the smallest reliance on your soldiers. Your defence of the streets of Puebla was that of a parcel of insurgents, not a noble military stand. After the taking of the fort of San Xavier, we ought to have crushed you with shells until you sued for mercy; our compassion for this miserable city, which had already suffered so much, gave you the only means of resisting us which you were competent to use."

The fall of Puebla, as is well known, led to the evacuation of Mexico by Juarez. The French entered the capital amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the population, in which, however, our Zouave, who evidently entertains but a low opinion of the Mexican character, which he considers to be frivolous and insincere, placed but little confidence. Yet large allowance should be made for the disadvantages under which the country has so long laboured. We must notice, before concluding, some observations, which have all the value belonging to those of one who simply relates facts and impressions, and has plainly no preconceived notions or theories to support. Speaking of the clergy, he says that in several of the Mexican towns he heard them ill-spoken of; but he believed there was much exaggeration, and that for his part he had fallen in the way of highly respectable priests, venerated by the surrounding population, and bearing on their countenances unmistakable tokens of sanctity. He instances one in particular, who was a perfect apostle, preaching by the example of every Christian virtue. Men have accused the Inquisition, he remarks, of having been the chief cause of the revolution, by hindering the dissemination of light and the progress of human reason. As in the former case, our Zouave does not attempt to contravene statements uttered by men well acquainted with the country, but it is plain that his own experience, at any rate, would not lead him to the persuasion that clerical influence had been Mexico's bane. It is worthy of observation, he says, that not only in that country, but throughout Spanish America, in the places where colonisation has prospered, where agricultural, industrial, and educational establishments have succeeded, it was the Jesuit missionaries who created them; and ever since their expulsion these establishments have languished and declined. He adds, that the government which expelled them from Mexico deprived that country of the only men at that time competent to enlighten the Indians, and it had soon reason to deplore a fault from the consequences of which Mexico is still suffering. The old possessors of the soil still constitute the larger portion of its population; a circumstance well worthy of remark, as contrasted with the gradual extinction of the native races in

the non-Catholic settlements of the New World. They are described by our Zouave as extremely docile, peaceable, and willing to labour, but stupid and ignorant, practising all the external rites of the Catholic religion, to which they are deeply attached, with what he calls all sorts of fanatical demonstrations, and with what he believes to be a total want of comprehension of their meaning. If the Indian is ignorant, it is plain, from what he says, that it is simply for lack of sufficient teaching; and we hardly know why the outward gestures of a demonstrative people and their attachment to the ceremonial of a religion which they love very much better than, from their inculpable misfortune, they understand it, should be considered as fanatical. The Indian is far from being unwilling to learn; and did the government but give him the means of instruction and intellectual development, we are told "that all that could be desired might be obtained from him." As it is, the Indian feeds the cities with the produce of his labour; he alone has energy enough to addict himself to those laborious tasks so repugnant to the town-born Mexican.

The *metis*, or mixed race, form a third of the population; they are described as highly endowed with physical and intellectual gifts, but as haughty to the inferior class and envious of the superior—that of the Creoles, or Mexicans of pure blood, who, of course, form the aristocracy of the country. The manners of the Creoles are naturally very analogous to those of European Spaniards. We have seen ample proof that the country was prosperous, and, on the whole, was contented under the old régime; but a certain dissatisfaction prevailed in this class owing to their exclusion from high posts and offices, which were all confided to Europeans. It is not surprising, therefore, that they were willing to profit by the distresses of the mother country to raise the standard of independence. It was from their ranks Hidalgo sprang, the first great "patriot" leader; assuredly a very different man, whatever might be his faults and illusions—as was also the heroic "cura" Morellos, his successor, who, like him, was taken and shot by the Royalists—from the Juarezes and Carvajals of the modern Republic. These first Liberals little knew into what ignoble hands the cause of liberty, of which they believed themselves to be the champions, was ultimately to fall.

The great hope for Mexico is her deep and devoted attachment to the faith. While the faith is preserved, the true principles of moral and civil amelioration are also preserved, and the germs of real progress only await favourable circumstances to revive and fructify.



## The Workhouse.

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THIS Age of Progress let its poets sing :  
 I sing the Workhouse, a more real thing ;  
 At least more palpable by far to those—  
 The pauper crowd—its courts and wards enclose ;  
 Those many souls, that manywise have lost  
 Their hearths and homes, and live at parish cost.  
 The young, the old, the vicious, and the good,  
 Who fled their ranks, or fighting bravely, stood  
 Against disease and age and want of bread,  
 Hoping 'gainst hope, till every hope was dead ;  
 To meet th' inevitable doom at last,  
 Foreseen more clearly as each year has passed.  
 Yes ; from the cradle even to the tomb  
 The poor of England see the Workhouse loom !  
 Before their birth it clouds their mother's face,  
 To crown their age the climax of disgrace.

Alas, my country ! for your haughty boast  
 That all are free who do but touch your coast ;  
 Your endless talk of English common-sense,  
 Of foreign beggars, and the vast expense  
 At which you keep your poor so neat and close,  
 That they offend no well-bred eye or nose !  
 Food for fierce satire ; but to one that feels  
 Each speck of dust on England's chariot-wheels,—  
 As through the world she holds her prosperous way,  
 Taking so little thought in this her day,—  
 A fruitful field of oft-recurring fears,  
 A bitter source of many silent tears !

In various styles the giant structure stands,  
 Vast as the palaces of other lands.  
 Before the mania for the picturesque,  
 And all the follies of the style grotesque,  
 When English mansions showed a stolid face  
 Of heavy brick for architectural grace,

Such was the Workhouse—such its heavy stare :  
 We see it yet, though every year more rare ;  
 For since the Goths have held the public mind,  
 Our parish guardians will not be behind ;  
 And lo, the Poor-house, in monastic guise,  
 With spires and pinnacles invades the skies !  
 A pasteboard model of the catch-cold craft,  
 Whose flimsy Gothic woos the wandering draught ;  
 And grinning gurgoyles of the dragon kind  
 Would fain idealise the pauper mind.  
 God help thee, poor unwilling cenobite !  
 Stripped as thou art of every private right,  
 And oft of individual virtue too ;  
 One of a wretched, sordid, wrangling crew,—  
 A pauper brotherhood,—the only one  
 That haughty England will not, cannot shun ;  
 No brotherhood of common hopes and aims,  
 But of discomfort, and of cruel shames.  
 Each against each in opposition stands,  
 The stronger clutching from the weaker hands ;  
 While cruel scandals and calumnious lies  
 Swarm in the place as thick as summer flies  
 That buzz and sting, and sting and buzz again,—  
 You know not which most venomous or vain.

The holiest ties that God has made for man  
 Are snapped to suit a sternly wooden plan ;  
 In separate ranks, beneath a strict command,  
 Husband and wife and hapless children stand ;  
 Once in the week the mother meets her child,  
 Lest love repressed should drive her wholly wild.  
 Tyrannic laws, despite of common-sense,  
 Her seven days' love to one short hour condense ;  
 That hour too often time enough to find  
 A blighted body, a corrupted mind ;  
 To mark the blotches on the forehead fair,  
 And wonder how her darling learnt to swear.  
 Mothers of England ! can you rightly know  
 The awful truth our town statistics show,—  
 That the poor girls who leave the Workhouse-school,  
 With very slight exception to the rule,  
 The deadly lessons they have learnt, repeat,  
 Lost and degraded, on the public street ?

Yet with such evil reeking at their door,  
 Romantic souls must foreign lands explore;  
 And deaf to cries for charity at home,  
 Give all their sympathy to Uncle Tom.

Visit the place—it is not hard to find;  
 Look at the children, while you bear in mind  
 Their future fate: yon crowd of little girls,  
 With pretty faces some and sunny curls,  
 Haply recalling children of your own,  
 Who still are with you or with years are flown:  
 Can you forsake them, knowing what you know,  
 Or rest contented with "it may be so;  
 I am not one to cope with such an evil;  
 I cannot keep these children from the devil"?  
 If you are Christian—if His Name has power  
 To move you 'mid the interests of the hour,  
 Think of the gracious Hands of One that blessed  
 The throng of children that about Him pressed;  
 Think that He taught, a man were better dead,  
 With all the weight of ocean on his head,  
 Than live in word or deed to scandalise  
 The least of these whom we so meanly prize.  
 The most forsaken do not stand alone,  
 Whose angry Angels plead before the Throne  
 For vengeance on the murderers that slay,  
 And those that look, and pass another way.

Easy the shift upon the Workhouse stage  
 From blighted childhood to dishonoured age;  
 'Tis pitiful to mark the gray-haired crew,  
 Marshalled like boys or soldiers on review,—  
 Querulous, weak, and restless evermore,  
 Like ghosts that glide upon the Stygian shore,  
 Sadly subservient to the pert command  
 Of some trim Hermes with official wand.  
 Their lifelong habits all uprooted lie  
 In th' uncongenial atmosphere to die,  
 And, with the burden of an old man's care,  
 The irksomeness of schoolboy life they share.  
 Some friendless quite, some by their friends forgot,  
 The pains of age they know, for them its joys are not;  
 Not theirs to bask beside their cottage-door,

As poets sing that grandsires did of yore ;  
 No child takes thought their failing taste to please,  
 No children's children throng about their knees ;  
 Their strange dull food they have no heart to eat ;  
 They cannot rest upon their rigid seat ;  
 No friendly arm their tottering feet to stay,  
 Sadly they creep along their cheerless way,  
 Till, wholly broken by neglect and pain,  
 They seek the bed they may not leave again.

The most degraded, in the hour of death,  
 Command a sympathy of bated breath ;  
 A fellow-feeling for that solemn change  
 From all we know to what is wholly strange.  
 However slight his part upon life's stage,  
 The dying man is aye a personage ;  
 And, dying, has a voice that should be heard,—  
 Not drowned in what is trivial or absurd.  
 Death in the Workhouse, where so many die,  
 Dons for the nonce the parish livery.  
 See in yon room, close crowded bed by bed,  
 Where naught divides the living and the dead,  
 Two bedrid paupers quarrel o'er their tea,  
 With one betwixt them in his agony ;  
 As though the King of Terrors only were  
 The Board of Guardians' licensed scavenger !  
 Another man, who cannot last the day,  
 Too weak by far t' expostulate or pray,  
 With eager eyes, that strain their weary sockets,  
 Watches the nurses turning out his pockets.  
 His little hoard their sordid want supplies ;  
 For aught they care, he curses God and dies.

So daily die our poor ; and we meanwhile  
 Regard the Workhouse with complacent smile ;  
 Rejoice that we are prosperous and free,  
 And all the land clean purged of beggary.  
 The ways of God are not as our ways are ;  
 Our littleness may not His greatness mar ;  
 Our scanty vision, limited by place,  
 Is not as theirs who stand before His face ;  
 What we most value they as nothing see,  
 Weighed in the balance of the Sanctuary ;

No wretch's sigh, by the proud world downtrod,  
But finds its echo in the heart of God.  
While kingdoms rise, and fall, and pass away,  
As exhalations of the fleeting day,  
In yonder wards, whose hapless sufferers lie  
Repulsive prey to sordid misery,  
No soul may pass but there are trumpets blown,  
In the great world that compasses our own;  
And with closed doors a mighty cause is tried,  
For which the God of heaven and earth has died.

Ring out the joy-bells through the heavenly dome,  
An exile comes to his eternal home,  
In nuptial robe, upon his hand the ring,  
Upon his head the crown of suffering;  
Of sorrow, care, or ignorance, no trace  
Upon that bright and most majestic face;  
A king he sits him on the vacant throne,  
Predestined ere the world began his own;  
While to the Lamb the white-robed armies raise  
With quickened joy their hymn of wondering praise!

## Constance Shertwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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### CHAPTER XXVI.

On the night before the 10th of December, neither Muriel nor I retired to rest. We sat together by the rushlight, at one time saying prayers, at another speaking together in a low voice. Ever and anon she went to listen at her father's door, for to make sure he slept, and then returned to me. The hours seemed to pass slowly; and yet we should have wished to stay their course, so much we dreaded the first rays of light presaging the tragedy of the coming day. Before the first token of it did show, at about five in the morning, the door-bell rung in a gentle manner.

"Who can be ringing?" I said to Muriel.

"I will go and see," she answered.

But I restrained her, and went to call one of the servants, who were beginning to bestir themselves. The man went down, and returned, bringing me a paper, on which these words were written:

"MY DEAR CONSTANCE,—My lord and myself have secretly come to join our prayers with yours, and, if it should be possible, to receive the blessing of the holy priest who is about to die, as he passeth by your house, towards which, I doubt not, his eyes will of a surety turn. I pray you, therefore, admit us."

I hurried down the stairs, and found Lord and Lady Arundel standing in the hall; she in a cloak and hood, and he with a slouching hat hiding his face. Leading them both into the parlour, which looketh on the street, I had a fire hastily kindled; and for a space her ladyship and myself could only sit holding each other's hands, our hearts being too full to speak. After a while I asked her when she had come to London. She said she had done so very secretly, not to increase the Queen's displeasure against her husband; her Majesty's misliking of herself continuing as great as ever.

"When she visited my lord last year, before his arrest," quoth she, "on a pane of glass in the dining-room her grace perceived a distich, writ by me in bygone days with a diamond, and which expressed hopes of better fortunes."

"I mind it well," I replied. "Did it not run thus?"

'Not seldom doth the sun sink down in brightest light  
Which rose at early dawn disfigured quite outright;  
So shall my fortunes, wrapt so long in darkest night,  
Revive, and show ere long an aspect clear and bright.'

"Yea," she answered. "And now listen to what her Majesty, calling for a like instrument, wrote beneath:

'Not seldom do vain hopes deceive a silly heart;  
Let all such witless dreams now vanish and depart;  
For fortune shall ne'er shine, I promise thee, on one  
Whose folly hath for aye all hopes thereof undone.'

We do live," she added, "with a sword hanging over our heads; and it is meet we should come here this day to learn a lesson how to die when a like fate shall overtake us. But thou hast been like to die by another means, my good Constance," her ladyship said, looking with kindness but no astonishment on my swollen and disfigured face, which I had not remembered to conceal; grave thoughts, then uppermost, having caused me to forget it.

"My life," I answered, "God hath mercifully spared; but I have lost the semblance of my former self."

"Tut, tut!" she replied; "only for a time."

And then we both drew near unto the fire, for we were shivering with cold. Lord Arundel leant against the chimney, and watched the timepiece.

"Mistress Wells," he said, "is like, I hear, to be reprieved at the last moment."

"Alas!" I cried; "nature therein finds relief; yet I know not how much to rejoice or yet to grieve thereat. For surely she will desire to die with her husband. And of what good will life be to her, if, like some others, she doth linger for years in prison?"

"Of much good, if God wills her there to spend those years," Muriel gently said; which words, I ween, were called to mind long afterwards by one who then heard them.

As the hour appointed for the execution approached, we became silent again, and kneeling down betook ourselves to prayer. At eight o'clock a crowd began to assemble in the street; and the sound of their feet as they passed under the window, hurrying towards the scaffold, which was hung with black cloth, became audible. About an hour afterwards notice was given to us by one of the servants that the sledge which carried the prisoners was in sight. We rose from our knees and went to the window. Mr. Wells's stout form and Mr. Genings's slight figure were then discernible, as they sat bound, with their hands tied behind their backs. I observed that Mr. Wells smiled and nodded to some one who was standing amidst the

crowd. This person, who was a friend of his, hath since told me that as he passed he saluted him with these words: "Farewell, dear companion! farewell, all hunting and hawking and old pastimes! I am now going a better way." Mistress Wells not being with them, we perceived that to be true which Lord Arundel had heard. At that moment I turned round, and missed Muriel, who had been standing close behind me. I supposed she could not endure this sight; but, lo and behold, looking again into the street, I saw her threading her way amongst the crowd as swiftly, lame though she was, as if an angel had guided her. When she reached the foot of the scaffold, and took her stand there, her aspect was so composed, serene, and resolved, that she seemed like an inhabitant of another world suddenly descended amidst the coarse and brutal mob. She was resolved, I afterwards found, to take note of every act, gesture, and word there spoken; and by her means I can here set down what mine own ears heard not, but much of which mine eyes beheld. As the sledge passed our door, Mr. Genings, as Lady Arundel had foreseen, turned his head towards us; and seeing me at the window, gave us, I doubt not, his blessing; for, albeit he could not raise his chained hand, we saw his fingers and his lips move. On reaching the gibbet Muriel heard him cry out with holy Andrew, "O good gibbet, long desired and now prepared for me, much hath my heart desired thee; and now, joyful and secure, I come to thee! Receive me, I beseech thee, as the disciple of Him that suffered on the Cross!" Being put upon the ladder, many questions were asked him by some standers-by, to which he made clear and distinct answers. Then Mr. Topcliffe cried out with a loud voice,

"Genings, Genings, confess thy fault, thy Papist treason; and the Queen, no doubt, will grant thee pardon!"

To which he mildly answered, "I know not, Mr. Topcliffe, in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I have offended her or any other person in any thing, I would willingly ask her and all the world forgiveness. If she be offended with me without a cause, for professing my faith and religion, or because I am a priest, or because I will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused and innocent before God. 'We must obey God,' saith St. Peter, 'rather than men;' and I must not in this case acknowledge a fault where there is none. If to return to England a priest, or to say Mass, is Popish treason, I here do confess I am a traitor. But I think not so; and therefore I acknowledge myself guilty of these things not with repentance and sorrow of heart, but with an open protestation of inward joy that I have done so good deeds, which, if they were to do again, I would, by the permission and



assistance of God, accomplish the same, though with the hazard of a thousand lives."

Mr. Topcliffe was very angry at this speech, and hardly gave him time to say an "Our Father" before he ordered the hangman to turn the ladder. From that moment I could not so much as once again look towards the scaffold. Lady Arundel and I drew back into the room, and clasping each other's hands, kept repeating, "Lord, help him! Lord, assist him! Have mercy on him, O Lord!" and the like prayers.

We heard Lord Arundel exclaim, "Good God! the wretch doth order the rope to be cut!" Then avoiding the sight, he also drew back and silently prayed. What followeth I learnt from Muriel, who never lost her senses, though she endured, methinks, at that scaffold's foot as much as any sufferer upon it. Scarcely or not at all stunned, Mr. Genings stood on his feet with his eyes raised to heaven, till the hangman threw him down on the block where he was to be quartered. After he was dismembered, she heard him utter with a loud voice, "Oh, it smarts!" and Mr. Wells exclaim, "Alas! sweet soul, thy pain is great indeed, but almost past. Pray for me now that mine may come." Then when his heart was being plucked out, a faint dying whisper reached her ear, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!" and then the voice of the hangman crying, "See, his heart is in mine hand, and yet Gregory in his mouth! O egregious Papist!"

I marvel how she lived through it; but she assured us she was never even near unto fainting, but stood immovable, hearing every sound, listening to each word and groan, printing them on the tablet of her heart, wherein they have ever remained as sacred memories.

Mr. Wells, so far from being terrified by the sight of his friend's death, expressed a desire to have his own hastened; and, like unto Sir Thomas More, was merry to the last; for he cried, "Despatch, despatch, Mr. Topcliffe! Be you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold? I pray God make you of a Saul a Paul, of a persecutor a Catholic." A murmur, hoarse and loud, from the crowd apprised us when all was over.

"Where is Muriel?" I cried, going to the window. Thence I beheld a sight which my pen refuseth to describe—the sledge which was carrying away the mangled remains of those dear friends which so short a time before we had looked upon alive! Like in a dream I saw this spectacle; for the moment afterwards I fainted. Many persons were running after the cart, and Muriel keeping pace with what to others would have been a sight full of horror, but to her were only relics of the saintly dead. She followed, heedless of the mob, unmindful of their jeers, intent on one aim,—to procure some

portion of those sacred remains, which she at last achieved in an incredible manner: one finger of Edmund Genings's hand, which she laid hold of, remaining in hers. This secured, she hastened home, bearing away this her treasure.

When I recovered from a long swoon, she was standing on one side of me, and Lady Arundel on the other. Their faces were very pale, but peaceful; and when remembrance returned, I also felt a great and quiet joy diffused in mine heart, such as none, I ween, could believe in who have not known the like. For a while all earthly cares left me: I seemed to soar above this world. Even Basil I could think of with a singular detachment. It seemed as if angels were haunting the house, whispering heavenly secrets. I could not so much as think on those blessed departed souls without an increase of this joy sensibly inflaming my heart.

After Lady Arundel had left us, which she did with many loving words and tender caresses, Muriel and I conversed long touching the future. She told me that when her duty to her father should end with his life, she intended to fulfil the vow she long ago had made to consecrate herself wholly to God in holy religion, and go beyond the seas, to become a nun of the Order of St. Augustine.

"May I not leave this world?" I cried; "may I not also, forgetting all things else, live for God alone?"

A sweet sober smile illumined Muriel's face as she answered, "Yea, by all means serve God, but not as a nun, good Constance. Thine I take to be the mere shadow of a vocation, if even so much as that. A cloud hath for a while obscured the sunshine of thy hopes and called up this shadow; but let this thin vapour dissolve, and no trace shall remain of it. Nay, nay, sweet one, 'tis not chafed, nor yet, except in rare instances, riven hearts which God doth call to this special consecration,—rather whole ones, nothing or scantily touched by the griefs and joys which this world can afford. But I warrant thee—nay, I may not warrant," she added, checking herself, "for who can of a surety forecast what God's designs should be? But I think thou wilt be, before many years have past, a careful matron, with many children about thy apron-strings to try thy patience."

"O Muriel," I answered, "how should this be? I have made my bed, and I must lie on it. Like a foolish creature, unwittingly, or rather rashly, I have deceived Basil into thinking I do not love him; and if my face should yet recover its old fairness, he shall still think mine heart estranged."

Muriel shook her head, and said more entangled skeins than this one had been unravelled. The next day she resumed her wonted labours in the prisons and amongst the poor. Having procured

means of access to Mistress Wells, she carried to her the only comfort she could now taste,—the knowledge of her husband's holy courageous end, and the reports of the last words he did utter. Then having received a charge thereunto from Mr. Genings, she discovered John Genings's place of residence, and went to tell him that the cause of his brother's coming to London was specially his love for him; that his only regret in dying had been that he was executed before he could see him again, or commend him to any friend of his own, so hastened was his death.

But this much-loved brother received her with a notable coldness; and far from bewailing the untimely and bloody end of his nearest kinsman, he betrayed some kind of contentment at the thought that he was now rid of all the persuasions which he suspected he should otherwise have received from him touching religion.

About a fortnight afterwards Mr. Congleton expired. Alas! so troublesome were the times, that to see one, howsoever loved, sink peacefully into the grave, had not the same sadness which usually belongs to the like haps.

Muriel had procured a priest for to give him extreme unction,—one Mr. Adams, a friend of Mr. Wells, who had sometimes said Mass in his house. He also secretly came for to perform the funeral rites before his burial in the cemetery of St. Martin's Church.

When we returned home that day after the funeral, this reverend gentleman asked us if we had heard any report touching the brother of Mr. Genings; and on our denial, he said, "Talk is ministered amongst Catholics of his sudden conversion."

"Sudden, indeed, it should be," quoth Muriel; "for a more indifferent listener to an afflicting message could not be met with than he proved himself when I carried to him Mr. Genings's dying words."

"Not more sudden," quoth Mr. Adams, "than St. Paul's was, and therefore not incredible."

Whilst we were yet speaking, a servant came in, and said a young gentleman was at the door, and very urgent for to see Muriel.

"Tell him," she said, raising her eyes, swollen with tears, "that I have one hour ago buried my father, and am in no condition to see strangers."

The man returned with a paper, on which these words were written:

"A penitent and a wanderer craveth to speak with you. If you shed tears, his do incessantly flow. If you weep for a father, he grieveeth for one better to him than ten fathers. If your plight is sad, his should be desperate, but for God's great mercy and a brother's prayers yet pleading for him in heaven as once upon earth.

"JOHN GENINGS."

"Heavens!" Muriel cried, "it is this changed man, this Saul become a Paul, which stands at the door and knocks. Bring him in swiftly: the best comfort I can know this day is to see one who awhile was lost and is now found."

When John Genings beheld her and me, he awhile hid his face in his hands, and seemed unable to speak. To break this silence, Mr. Adams said, "Courage, Mr. Genings; your holy brother rejoiceth in heaven over your changed mind, and further blessings still, I doubt not, he shall yet obtain for you."

Then this same John raised his head, and with as great and touching sorrow as can be expressed, after thanking this unknown speaker for his comfortable words, he begged of Muriel to relate to him each action and speech in the dying scene she had witnessed; and when she had ended this recital, with the like urgency he moved me to tell him all I could remember of his brother's young years, all my father had written of his life and virtues at college, all which we had heard of his labours since he had come into the country, and lastly, in a manner most simple and affecting, we all entreating him thereunto, he made this narrative, addressing himself chiefly to Muriel:

"You, madam, are acquainted with what was the hardness of mine heart and cruel indifference to my brother's fate; with what disdain I listened to you, with what pride I received his last advice. But about ten days after his execution, toward night, having spent all that day in sports and jollity, being weary with play, I resorted home to repose myself. I went into a secret chamber, and was no sooner there sat down, but forthwith my heart began to be heavy, and I weighed how idly I had spent that day. Amidst these thoughts there was presently represented to me an imagination and apprehension of the death of my brother, and, among other things, how he had not long before forsaken all worldly pleasure, and for the sake of his religion alone endured dreadful torments. Then within myself I made long discourses concerning his manner of living and mine own; and finding the one to embrace pain and mortification, and the other to seek pleasure—the one to live strictly, and the other licentiously,—I was struck with exceeding terror and remorse. I wept bitterly, desiring God to illuminate mine understanding, that I might see and perceive the truth. Oh, what great joy and consolation did I feel at that instant! What reverence on the sudden did I begin to bear to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints of God, which before I had never scarcely so much as heard of! What strange emotions, as it were inspirations, with exceeding readiness of will to change my religion, took possession of my soul! and what heavenly conception had I

then of my brother's felicity! I imagined I saw him—I thought I heard him. In this ecstasy of mind I made a vow upon the spot, as I lay prostrate on the ground, to forsake kindred and country, to find out the true knowledge of Edmund's faith. "Oh, sir," he ended by saying, turning to Mr. Adams, which he guessed to be a priest, "think you not my brother obtained for me in heaven what on earth he had not obtained? for here I am become a Catholic in faith without persuasion or conference with any one man in the world?"

"Ay, my good friend," Mr. Adams replied; "the blood of martyrs will ever prove the seed of the Church. Let us then, in our private prayers, implore the suffrages of those who in this country do lose their lives for the faith, and take unto ourselves the words of Jeremiah: 'O Lord, remember what has happened unto us. Be hold and see our great reproach; our inheritance is gone to strangers, our houses to aliens. We are become as children without a father, our mothers are made as it were widows.'"

These last words of Holy Writ brought to mine own mind private sorrows, and caused me to shed tears. Soon after John Genings departed from England without giving notice to us or any of his friends, and went beyond seas to execute his promise. I have heard that he has entered the Holy Order of St. Francis, and is seeking to procure a convent of that religion at Douay, in hopes of restoring the English Franciscan province, of which it is supposed he will be the first provincial. Report doth state him to be an exceeding strict and holy religious, and like to prove an instrument in furnishing the English Mission with many zealous and apostolical labourers.

Muriel and I were solitary in that great city where so many misfortunes had beset us; she with her anchor cast where her hopes could not be deceived; I by mine own folly like unto a ship at sea without a chart. Womanly reserve, mixed, I ween, with somewhat of pride, restraining me from writing to Basil, though, as my face improved each day, I deplored my hasty folly, and desired nothing so much as to see him again, when, if his love should prove unchanged (shame on that word *if*! which my heart disavowed), we should be as heretofore, and the suffering I had caused him and endured myself would end. But how this might happen I foresaw not; and life was sad and weary while so much suspense lasted.

Muriel would not forsake me while in this plight; but although none could have judged it from her cheerful and amiable behaviour, I well knew that she sighed for the haven of a religious home, and grieved to keep her from it. After some weeks spent in this fashion, with very little comfort, I was sitting one morning dismally forecasting the future, writing letter after letter to Basil, which still I

tore up rather than send them—for I warrant you it was no easy matter for to express in writing what I longed to say. To tell him the cause of my breaking our contract was so much as to compel him to the performance of it; and albeit I was no longer so ill-favoured as at the first, yet the good looks I had before my sickness had by no means wholly returned. Sometimes I wrote: "Your thinking, dear Basil, that I do affection any but yourself is so false and injurious an imagination, that I cannot suffer you to entertain it. Be sure I never can and never shall love any but you; yet, for all that, I cannot marry you." Then effacing this last sentence, which verily belied my true desire, I would write another: "Methinks if you should see me now, yourself would not wish otherwise than to dissolve a contract wherein your contentment should be less than it hath been." And then thinking this should be too obscure, changed it to—"In sooth, dear Basil, my appearance is so altered that you would yourself, I ween, not desire for to wed one so different from the Constance you have seen and loved." But pride whispered to restrain this open mention of my suspicious fears of his liking me less for my changed face; yet withal, conscience reproved this misdoubt of one whose affection had ever shown itself to be of the nobler sort, which looketh rather to the qualities of the heart and mind than to the exterior charms of a fair visage.

Alas! what a torment doth perplexity occasion! I had let go my pen, and my tears were falling on the paper, when Muriel opened the door of the parlour.

"What is it?" I cried, hiding my face with mine hand, that she should not see me weeping.

"A letter from Lady Arundel," she answered.

I eagerly took it from her; and on the reading of it found it contained an urgent request from her ladyship, couched in most affectionate terms, and masking the kindness of its intent under a show of entreating, as a favour to herself, that I would come and reside with her at Arundel Castle, where she greatly needed the solace of a friend's company during her lord's necessary absences. "Mine own dear good Constance," she wrote, "come to me quickly. In a letter I cannot well express all the good you will thus do to me. For mine own part, I would fain say come to me until death shall part us. But so selfish I would not be; yet prithee come until such time as the clouds which have obscured the fair sky of thy future prospects have passed away, and thy Basil's fortunes are mended; for I will not cease to call him thine, for all that thou hast thyself thrust a spoke in a wheel which otherwise should have run smoothly, for the which thou art now doing penance: but be of good cheer; Time will



bring thee shrift. Some kind of comfort I can promise thee in this house, greater than I dare for to commit to paper. Lose no time then. From thy last letter methinks the gentle turtle-dove at whose side thou dost now nestle hath found herself a nest whereunto she longeth to fly. Let her spread her wings thither, and do thou hasten to the shelter of these old walls and the loving faithful heart of thy poor friend,

ANNE ARUNDEL and SURREY."

Before a fortnight was overpast Muriel and I had parted; she for her religious home beyond seas, I for the castle of my Lord Arundel, whither I travelled in two days, resting on my way at the pleasant village of Horsham. During the latter part of the journey the road lay through a very wild expanse of down; but as soon as I caught sight of the sea my heart bounded with joy; for to gaze on its blue expanse seemed to carry me beyond the limits of this isle to the land where Basil dwelt. When I reached the castle, the sight of the noble gateway and keep filled me with admiration; and riding into the court thereof, I looked with wonder on military defences bristling on every side. But what a sweet picture smiled from one of the narrow windows over above the entrance-door!—mine own loved friend, yet fairer in her matronly and motherly beauty than even in her girlhood's loveliness, holding in her arms the pretty bud which had blossomed on a noble tree in the time of adversity. Her countenance beamed on me like the morning sun's; and my heart expanded with joy when, half way up the stairs which led to her chamber, I found myself enclosed in her arms. She led me to a settle near a cheerful fire, and herself removed my riding-cloak, my hat and veil, stroked my cheek with two of her delicate white fingers, and said with a smile:

"In sooth, my dear Constance, thou art an arrant cheat."

"How so, most dear lady?" I said, likewise smiling.

"Why, thou art as comely as ever I saw thee; which, after all the torments inflicted on poor Master Rookwood by thy prophetic vision of an everlasting deformity, carefully concealed from him under the garb of a sudden fit of inconstancy, is a very nefarious injustice. Go to, go to; if he should see thee now, he never would believe that that that management of thine was a cunning device for to break faith with him."

"Nay, nay," I cried; "if I should be ever so happy, which I deserve not, for to see him again, there could never be for one moment a mistrust on his part of a love which is too strong and too fond for concealment. If the feebleness of sickness had not bred unreasonable fears, methinks I should not have been guilty of so great

a folly as to think he would prize less what he was always wont most to treasure far above their merits,—the heart and mind of his poor Constance,—because the casket which held them had waxed unseemly. But when the day shall come in which Basil and I may meet, God only knoweth. Human foresight cannot attain to this prevision."

Lady Arundel's eyes had a smiling expression then which surprised me. For mine own heart was full when I thus spoke, and I was wont to meet in her with a more quick return of the like feelings I expressed than at that time appeared. Slight inward resentments, painfully, albeit not angrily, entertained, I was by nature prone to; and in this case the effect of this impression suddenly checked the joy which at my first arrival I had experienced. O, how much secret discipline should be needed for to rule that little unruly kingdom within us, which many look not into till serious rebellions do arise, which need fire and sword to quell them for lack of timely repression! Her ladyship set before me some food, and constrained me to eat, which I did merely for to content her. She appeared to me somewhat restless: beginning a sentence, and then breaking off suddenly in the midst thereof; going in and out of the chamber; laughing at one time, and then seeming as if about to weep. When I had finished eating, and a servant had removed the dishes, she sat down by my side and took my hand in hers. Then the tears truly began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, for God's sake, what aileth you, dearest lady?" I said, un- easily gazing on her agitated countenance.

"Nothing ails me," she answered; "only I fear to frighten thee, albeit in a joyful manner."

"Frightened with joy!" I sadly answered. "O, that should be a rare fright, and an unwonted one to me of late."

"Therefore," she said, smiling through her tears, "peradventure the more to be feared."

"What joy do you speak of? I pray you, sweet lady, keep me not in suspense."

"If, for instance," she said in a low voice, pressing my hands very hard—"if I was to tell thee, Constance, that thy Basil was ere, shouldst thou not be affrighted?"

Methinks I must have turned very white; leastways, I began to tremble.

"Is he here?" I said, almost beside myself with the fearful hope her words awoke.

"Yea," she said. "Since three days he is here."

For a moment I neither spoke nor moved.

"How comes it about? how doth it happen?" I began to say;

but a passion of tears choked my utterance. I fell into her arms, sobbing on her breast; for verily I had no power to restrain myself. I heard her say, "Master Rookwood, come in." Then, after those sad long weary years, I again heard his cheerful voice; then I saw his kind eyes speaking what words could never have uttered, or one-half so well expressed. Then I felt the happiness which is most like, I ween, of any on earth to that of Heaven. After long parting, to meet again one intensely loved—each heart overflowing with an unspoken joy and with an unbounded thankfulness to God. Amazement did so fill me at this unlooked-for good, that I seemed content for a while to think of it as of a dream, and only feared to be awake. But O, with how many sweet tears of gratitude—with what bursts of wonder and admiration—I soon learnt how Lady Arundel had formed this kind plot, to which Muriel had been privy, for to bring together parted lovers, and procure to others the happiness she so often lacked herself—the company of the most loved person in the world.\* She had herself written to Basil, and related the cause of my apparent change; a cause, she said, at no time sufficient for to warrant a desperate action, and even then passing away. But that had it for ever endured, she was of opinion his was a love would survive any such accident as touched only the exterior, when all else was unimpaired. She added, that when Mr. Congleton, who was then at the point of death, should have expired, and Muriel gone beyond seas to fulfil her religious intent, she would use all the persuasion in her power to bring me to reside with her, which was the thing she most desired in the world; and that if he should think it possible under another name for to cross the seas and land at some port in Sussex, he should be the welcomest guest imaginable at Arundel Castle, if even, like St. Alexis, he should hide his nobility under the garb of rags, and come thither begging on foot; but yet she hoped, for his sake, it should not so happen, albeit nothing could be more honourable if the cause was a good one. It needed no more inducement than what this letter contained for to move Basil to attempt this secret return. He took the name of Martingale, and procured a passage in a small trading craft, which landed him at the port of a small town named Littlehampton, about three or four miles from Arundel. Thence he walked to the castle, where the Countess feigned him to be a leech sent by my lord to prescribe remedies for a pain in her head, which she was oftentimes afflicted with, and as such entertained him in the eyes of strangers as long as he continued there, which did often move us to great merriment; for some of the neighbours which she was forced to see, would sometimes ask for to consult the Countess's physician; and to avoid misdoubts, Basil once or twice made up some

innocent compounds, which an old gentleman and a maiden lady in the town vowed had cured them, the one of a fit of the gout, and the other of a very sharp disorder in her stomach. But to return to the blissful first day of our meeting, one of the happiest I had yet known; for a paramount affection doth so engross the heart, that other sorrows vanish in its presence like dewdrops in the sunshine. I can never forget the smallest particle of its many joys. The long talk between Basil and me, first in Lady Arundel's chamber, and then in the gallery of the castle, walking up and down, and when I was tired, I sitting and he standing by the window which looked on the fair valley and silvery river Arun, running towards the sea, through pleasant pastures, with woody slopes on both sides, a fair and a peaceful scene; fair and peaceful as the prospect Basil unfolded to me that day, if we could but once in safety cross the seas; for his debtors had remitted to him in France the moneys which they owed him, and he had purchased a cottage in a very commodious village near the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, with an apple-orchard and a garden stored with gay flowers and beehives, and a meadow with two large walnut-trees in it. "And then bethink thee," he added, "mine own dear love, that right in front of this fine mansion doth stand the parish church, where God is worshipped in a Catholic manner in peace and freedom; and nothing greater or more weighty need, methinks, to be said in its praise."

I said I thought so too, and that the picture he drew of it liked me well.

"But," quoth Basil suddenly, "I must tell thee, sweetheart, I liked not well thy behaviour touching thine altered face, and the mis-leading letter thou didst send me at that time. No!" he exclaimed with great vehemency, "it mislikes me sorely that thou shouldst have doubted my love and faith, and dealt with me so injuriously. If I was now by some accident disfigured, I must by that same token expect thine affection for me should decay."

"O Basil!" I cried, "that would be an impossible thing!"

"Wherefore impossible?" he replied, "you thought such a change possible in me."

"Because," I said, smiling, "women are the most constant creatures in the world, and not fickle like unto men, or so careful of a good complexion in others, or a fine set of features."

"Tut, tut!" he cried, "I do admire that thou shouldst dare to utter so great a . . . ." then he stopped, and laughing, added, "the last half of Raleigh's name, as the Queen's bad riddle doth make it."\*

\* "The bane of the stomach, and the word of disgrace,  
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face."

Well, much talk of this sort was ministered between us; but albeit I find pleasure in the recalling of it, methinks the reading thereof should easily weary others; so I must check my pen, which, like unto a garrulous old gossip, doth run on, overstepping the limits of discretion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE I arrived, Lady Arundel had made Basil privy to a great secret, with warrant to impart it to me. In a remote portion of the castle's buildings was concealed at that time Father Southwell, a man who had not his like for piety and good parts; a sweet poet also, whose pieces of verse, chiefly written in that obscure chamber in Arundel Castle, have been since done into print, and do win great praise from all sorts of people. Adjoining to his room, which only one servant in the house, who carried his meals to him, had knowledge of, and from which he could not so much as once look out of the window for fear of being seen, was a small oratory, where he said Mass every day, and by a secret passage Lady Arundel went from her apartments for to hear it. That same evening, after supper, she led me thither for to get this good priest's blessing, and also his counsel touching my marriage; for both her ladyship and Basil were urgent for it to take place in a private manner at the castle before we left England. For, they argued, if there should be danger in this departure, it were best encountered together; and except we were married it should be an impossible thing for me to travel in his company, and land with him in France. Catholics could be married in a secret manner now that the needs of the times, and the great perils many were exposed to, gave warrant for it. After some talk with Father Southwell and Lady Arundel, I consented to their wishes, with more gladness of heart, I ween, than was seemly to exhibit; for verily I was better contented than can be thought of, to think I should be at last married to my dear Basil, and never more to part from him, if it so pleased God that we should land safely in France, which did seem to me then the land of promise.

The next days were spent in forecasting means for a safe departure, as soon as these secret nuptials should have taken place; but none had been yet resolved on, when one morning I was called to Lady Arundel's chamber, whom I found in tears and greatly disturbed, for that she had heard from Lady Margaret Sackville, who was then in London, that Lord Arundel was once more resolved to leave the realm, albeit Father Edmunds did dissuade him from that course; but some other friend's persuasions were more availing, and

he had determined to go to France, where he might live in safety and serve God quietly.

My lady's agitation at this news was very great. She said nothing should content her but to go with him, albeit she was then with child; and she should write to tell him so; but before she could send a letter Lord Arundel came to the castle, and held converse for many hours with her and Father Southwell. When I met her afterwards in the gallery, her eyes were red with weeping. She said my lord desired to see Basil and me in her chamber at nine of the clock. He wished to speak with us of his resolve to cross the seas, and she prayed God some good should arise out of it. Then she added, "I am now going to the chapel, and if thou hast nothing of any weight to detain thee, then come thither also, for to join thy prayers with mine for the favourable issue of a very doubtful matter."

When we repaired to her ladyship's chamber at the time appointed, my lord greeted us in an exceeding kind manner; and after some talk touching Basil's secret return to England, our marriage, and then as speedy as possible going abroad, his lordship said: "I also am compelled to take a like course, for my evil-willers are resolved to work my ruin and overthrow, and will succeed therein, by means of my religion. Many actions, which at the outset may seem rash and unadvised, after sufficient consideration do appear to be just and necessary; and, methinks, my dearest wife and Father Southwell are now minded to recommend what at first they misliked, and to see that in this my present intent I take the course which, though it imperils my fortunes, will tend to my soul's safety and that of my children. Since I have conceived this intent, I thank God I have found a great deal more quietness in my mind; and in this respect I have just occasion to esteem my past troubles as my greatest felicity, for they have been the means of leading me to that course which ever brings perfect quietness, and only procures eternal happiness. I am resolved, as my dear Nan well knoweth, to endure any punishment rather than willingly to decline from what I have begun. I have bent myself as nearly as I could to continue in the same, and to do no act repugnant to my faith and profession. And by means hereof I am often compelled to do many things which may procure peril to myself, and be an occasion of mislike to her Majesty. For, look you, on the first day of this parliament, when the Queen was hearing of a sermon in the Cathedral Church of Westminster, above in the chancel, I was driven to walk by myself below in one of the aisles; and another day, this last Lent, when she was hearing another sermon in the chapel at Greenwich, I was forced to stay all the while in the Presence-Chamber. Then also when on any Sunday

or holyday her grace goes to her great closet, I am forced either to stay in the privy chamber, and not to wait upon her at all, or else presently to depart as soon as I have brought her to the chapel. These things, and many more, I can by no means escape, but only by an open plain discovery of myself, in the eye and opinion of all men, as to the true cause of my refusal; neither can it now be long hidden, although for a while it may not have been generally noted and observed."

Lady Arundel sighed, and said :

"I must needs confess that of necessity it must shortly be discovered; and when I remember what a watchful and jealous eye is carried over all such as are known to be recusants, and also how their lodgings are continually searched, and to how great danger they are subject if a Jesuit or seminary priest be found within their house, I begin to see that either you cannot serve God in such sort as you have professed, or else you must incur the hazard of greater sufferings than I am willing you should endure."

"For my part," Basil said, "I would ask, my lord, those that hate you most, whether, being of the religion which you do profess, they would not take that course for safety of their souls and discharge of their consciences which you do now meditate? And either they must directly tell you that they would have done the same, or acknowledge themselves to be mere atheists; which, howsoever they be affected in their hearts, I think they would be loth to confess with their mouths."

"What sayest thou, Constance, of my lord's intent?" Lady Arundel said, when Basil left off speaking.

"I am ashamed to utter my thinking in his presence, and in yours, dearest lady," I replied; "but if you command me to it, methinks that having had his house so fatally and successfully touched, and finding himself to be of that religion which is accounted dangerous and odious to the present state, which her Majesty doth detest, and of which she is most jealous and doubtful, and seeing he might now be drawn for his conscience into great and continual danger, not being able to do any act or duty whereunto his religion doth bind him without incurring the danger of felony, he must needs run upon his death headlong, which is repugnant to the law of God and flatly against conscience, or else he must resolve to escape these perils by the means he doth propose."

"Yea," exclaimed his lordship, with so much emotion that his voice shook in the utterance of the words, "long have I debated with myself on the course to take. I do see it to be the safest way to depart out of the realm, and abide in some other place where I may live without danger to my conscience, without offence to the



Queen, without daily peril of my life; but yet I was drawn by such forcible persuasions to be of another opinion, as I could not easily resolve on which side to settle my determination. For on the one hand my native and O how dearly loved country, my own early friends, my kinsfolks, my home, and, more than all, my wife, which I must for a while part with if I go, do invite me to stay. Poverty awaits me abroad; but in what have state and riches benefited us, Nan? Shall not ease of heart and freedom from haunting fears compensate for vain wealth? When, with the sweet burthen in thine arms which for a while doth detain thee here, thou shalt kneel before God's altar in a Catholic land, methinks thou wilt have but scanty regrets for the trappings of fortune."

"God is my witness," the sweet lady replied, "that should be the happiest day of my life. But I fear—yea, much I do fear—the chasm of parting which doth once more open betwixt thee and me. Prithce, Phil, let me go with thee," she tearfully added.

"Nay, sweet Nan," he answered; "thou knowest the physicians forbid thy journeying at the present time so much as hence to London. How should it then behove thee to run the perils of the sea, and nightly voyage, and it may be rough usage? Nay, let me behold thee again, some months hence, with a fair boy in thine arms, which if I can but once behold, my joy shall be full, if I should have to labour with mine hands for to support him and thee."

She bowed her head on the hand outstretched to her; but I could see the anguish with which she yielded her assent to this separation. Methinks there was some sort of presentiment of the future heightening her present grief; she seemed so loth her lord should go, albeit reason and expediency forced from her an unwilling consent.

Before the conversation in Lady Arundel's chamber ended, the earl proposed that Basil and I should accompany him abroad, and cross the sea in the craft he should privately hire, which would sail from Littlehampton, and carry us to some port of France, whence along the coast we could travel to Boulogne. This liked her ladyship well. Her eyes entreated our consent thereunto, as if it should have been a favour she asked, which indeed was rather a benefit conferred on us; for nothing would serve my lord but that he should be at the entire charge of the voyage, who smiling said, for such good company as he should thus enjoy he should be willing to be taxed twice as much, and yet consider himself to be the obliged party in this contract.

"But we must be married first," Basil bluntly said.

Lady Arundel replied that Father Southwell could perform the ceremony when we pleased—yea, on the morrow, if it should be convenient; and that my lord should be present thereat.

I said this should be very short notice, I thought, for to be married the next day; upon which Basil exclaimed,

"These be not times, sweetheart, for ceremonies, fashions, and nice delays. Methinks since our betrothal there hath been sufficient waiting for to serve the turn of the nicest lady in the world in the matter of reserves and yeas and nays."

Which is the sharpest thing, I think, Basil hath uttered to me either before or since we have been married. So, to appease him, I said not another word against this sudden wedding; and the next day but one, at nine of the clock, was then fixed for the time thereof.

On the following morning Lord Arundel and Basil (the earl had conceived a very great esteem and good disposition towards him; as great, and greater, he told me, as for some he had known for as many years as him hours) went out together, under pretence of shooting in the woods on the opposite side of the river about Leominster, but verily to proceed to Littlehampton, where the earl had appointed to meet the captain of a vessel,—a Catholic man, the son of an old retainer of his family,—with whom he had dealt for the hiring of a vessel for to sail to France as soon as the wind should prove favourable. Whilst they were gone upon this business, Lady Arundel and I sat in the chamber which looked into the court, making such simple preparations as would escape notice for our wedding, and the departure which should speedily afterwards ensue.

"I will not yield thee," her ladyship said, "to be married, except in a white dress and veil, which I shall hide in a chamber nigh unto the oratory, where I myself will attire thee, dear love; and see, this morning early I went out alone into the garden and gathered this store of rosemary, for to make thee a nosegay to wear in thy bosom. Father Southwell saith it is used at weddings for an emblem of fidelity. If so, who should have so good a right to it as my Constance and her Basil? But I will lay it up in a casket, which shall conceal it the while, and aid to retain the scent thereof."

"O dear lady," I cried, seizing her hands, "do you remember the day when you plucked rosemary in our old garden at Sherwood, and smiling, said to me, 'This meaneth remembrance'? Since it signifieth fidelity also, well should you affection it; for where shall be found one so faithful in love and friendship as you?"

"Weep not," she said, pressing her fingers on her eyelids to stay her own tears. "We must needs thank God and be joyful on the eve of thy wedding-day; and I am resolved to meet my lord also with a cheerful countenance, so that not in gloom but in hope he shall leave his native land."

In converse such as this the hours went swiftly by. Sometimes

we talked of the past, its many strange haps and changes; sometimes of the future, forecasting the manner of our lives abroad, where in safety, albeit in poverty, we hoped to spend our days. In the afternoon there arrived at the castle my Lord William Howard and his wife and Lady Margaret Sackville, who, having notice of their brother's intent to go beyond seas on the next day, if it should be possible, had come for to bid him farewell.

Leaving Lady Arundel in their company, I went to the terrace underneath the walls of the castle, and there paced up and down, chewing the cud of both sweet and sad memories. I looked at the soft blue sky and fleecy clouds, urged along by a westerly breeze impregnated with a salt savour; on the emerald green of the fields, the graceful forms of the leafless trees on the opposite hills, on the cattle peacefully resting by the river-side. I listed to the rustling of the wind amongst the bare branches over mine head, and the bells of a church ringing far off in the valley. "O England, mine own England, my fair native land,—am I to leave thee, never to return?" I cried, speaking aloud, as if to ease my oppressed heart. Then mine eyes rested on the ruined hospital of the town, the shut-up churches, the profaned sanctuaries, and thought flying beyond the seas to a Catholic land, I exclaimed, "The sparrow shall find herself a house, and the turtle-dove a nest for herself,—the altars of the Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

When Basil returned, he told me that the vessel which was to take us to France was lying out at sea near the coast. Lord Arundel and himself had gone in a boat to speak with the captain, who did seem a particular honest man and zealous Catholic; and the earl had bespoken some needful accommodation for Mistress Martingale, he said, smiling; not very commodious, indeed, but as good as on board the like craft could be expected. If the wind remained in the same quarter in the afternoon of the morrow, we should then sail; if it should change, so as to be most unfavourable, the captain should send private notice of it to the castle.

The whole of that evening the earl spent in writing a letter to her Majesty. He feared that his enemies, after his departure, would, by their slanderous reports, endeavour to disgrace him with the people, and cause the Queen to have sinister surmises of him. He confided this letter to the Lady Margaret, his sister, to be delivered unto her after his arrival in France; by which it might appear, both to her and all others, what were the true causes which had moved him to undertake that resolution.

I do often think of that evening in the great chamber of the castle—the young earl in the vigorous strength and beauty of man-

hood, his comely and fair face now bending over his writing, now raised with a noble and manly grief, as he read aloud portions of it, which, methinks, would have touched any hearts to hear them; and how much the more that loving wife, that affectionate sister, that faithful brother, those devoted friends which seemed to be in some sort witnesses of his last will before a final parting! I mind me of the sorrowful, dove-like sweetness of Lady Arundel's countenance; the flashing eyes of Lady Margaret; the loving expression, veiled by a studied hardness, of Lord William's face; of his wife my Lady Bess's reddening cheek and tearful eyes, which she did conceal behind the coif of her childish namesake sitting on her knees. When he had finished his letter, with a somewhat moved voice the earl read the last passages thereof:—"If my protestation, who never told your Majesty any untruth, may carry credit in your opinion, I here call God and His Angels to witness that I would not have taken this course if I might have stayed in England without danger of my soul or peril of my life. I am enforced to forsake my country, to forget my friends, to leave my wife, to lose the hope of all worldly pleasures and earthly commodities. All this is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I could not desire to live if I were not comforted with the remembrance of His mercy for whom I endure all this, Who endured ten thousand times more for me. Therefore I remain in assured hope that myself and my cause shall receive that favour, conceit, and rightful construction at your Majesty's hands which I may justly challenge. I do humbly crave pardon for my long and tedious letter, which the weightiness of the matter enforced me unto; and I beseech God from the bottom of my heart to send your Majesty as great happiness as I wish to mine own soul."

A time of silence followed the reading of these sentences, and then the earl said in a cheerful manner:

"So, good Meg, I commit this protestation to thy good keeping. When thou hearest of my safe arrival in France, then straightway see to have it placed in the Queen's hands."

The rest of the evening was spent in affectionate converse by these near kinsfolks. Basil and I repaired the while by the secret passage to Father Southwell's chamber, where we were in turn shaven, and afterwards received from him such good counsel and rules of conduct as he deemed fitting for married persons to observe. Before I left him, this good Father gave me, writ in his own hand, some sweet verses which he had that day composed for us, and which I do here transcribe. He smiling said he had made mention of fishes in his poem, for to pleasure so famous an angler as Basil; and of birds, for that he knew me to be a great lover of these soaring creatures:

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;  
Times go by turn, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;  
Her time hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,  
The well that holds no great, takes little fish ;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least have some, who most hath never all.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;  
No endless night, yet not eternal day ;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing ;  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

The common sheet of paper which doth contain this his writing hath a greater value in mine eyes than the most rich gift that can be thought of.

On the next morning, Lady Arundel conducted me from mine own chamber, first into a room, where with her own hands she arrayed me in my bridal dress, and with many tender kisses and caresses, such as a sister or a mother would bestow, testified her affection for her poor friend ; and thence to the oratory, where the altar was prepared, and by herself in secret decked with early primroses, which had begun to show in the woods and neath the hedges. A small but noble company were gathered round us that day. From pure and holy lips the Church's benison came to us. The vows we exchanged have been faithfully observed, and long years have set a seal on the promises then made.

Basil's wife ! O, what a whole compass of happiness did lie in those two words ! Yea, the waves of the sea might now rage and the winds blow. The haven might be distant and the way thither insecure. Man's enmity or accident might yet rob us each of the other's visible presence. But naught could now sever the cord, strong like unto a cable chain, which bound our souls in one. An-

chored in that wedded unity, which is one of God's sacraments, till death, ay, and beyond death also, this tie should last.

We have been young, and now are old. We have lost country, home, and almost every friend known and affectioned in our young years; but that deepest, holiest love, the type of Christ's union with His Church, still doth shed its light over the evening of life. My dear Basil, I am assured, thinks me as fair as when we did sit together fishing on the banks of the Ouse; and his hoary head and withered cheeks are more lovely in mine eyes than ever were his auburn locks and ruddy complexion. One of us must needs die before the other, unless we should be so happy that that good should befall us as to end our days as two aged married persons I have heard of. It was the husband's custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask his wife how she did; but one night, he being in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone out a hunting, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out. The women, fearful to surprise him with the ill news, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. But the gentleman waking did not on that day, as was his custom, ask for his wife, but called his chaplain to prayers, and joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both were buried in the same grave. Methinks this should be a very desirable end, only, if it pleased God, I would wish to have the last sacraments, and then to die just before Basil, when his time cometh. But God knoweth best; and any ways we are so old and so near of an age, one cannot tarry very long behind when the other is gone.

Being at rest after our marriage touching what concerned ourselves, compassion for Lady Arundel filled our hearts. Alas, how bravely and how sweetly she bore this parting grief! Her intense love for her lord, and sorrow at their approaching separation, struggled with her resolve not to sadden their last hours, which were prolonged beyond expectancy. For once on that day, and twice on that which followed, when all was made ready for departure, a message came from the captain for to say the wind, and another time the tide, would not serve; and albeit each time, like a reprieved person, Lady Arundel welcomed the delay, methinks these retardments served to increase her sufferings. Little Bess hung fondly on her father's neck the last time he returned from Littlehampton with the tidings the vessel would not sail for some hours, kissing his face and playing with his beard.

"Ah, dearest Phil!" her mother cried, "the poor babe rejoiceth in the sight of thee, all unwitting in her innocent glee of the short-

ness of this joy. Howsoever, methinks five or six hours of it is a boon for to thank God for;" and so putting her arm in his, she led him away to a solitary part of the garden, where they walked to and fro, she, as she hath since written to me, starting each time the clock did strike, like one doomed to execution. Methinks there was this difference between them, that he was full of hope and bright fore-castings of a speedy reünion; but on her soul lay a dead, mournful despondency, which she hid by an apparent calmness. When, late in the evening, a third message came for to say the ship could not depart that night, I begun to think it would never go at all. I saw Basil looked at the weathercock and shrugged his shoulders, as if the same thought was in his mind. But when I spake of it, he said seafaring folks had a knowledge in these matters which others did not possess, and we must needs be patient under these delays. Howsoever, at three o'clock in the morning the shipman signified that the wind was fit and all in readiness. So we rose in haste and prepared for to depart. The countess put her arms about my neck, and this was the last embrace I ever had of her. My lord's brother and sisters hung about him awhile in great grief. Then his wife put out her hands to him, and, with a sorrow too deep for speech, fixed her eyes on his visage.

"Cheer up, sweetest wife," I heard him say. "Albeit nature suffers in this severance from my native land, my true home shall be wherever it shall please God to bring thee and me and our children together. God defend the loss of this world's good should make us sad, if we be but once so blessed as to meet again where we may freely serve Him."

Then, after a long and tender clasping of her to his breast, he tore himself away, and getting on a horse, rode to the coast. Basil and I, with Mr. William Bray and Mr. Burlace, drove in a coach to the port. It was yet dark, and a heavy mist hung on the valley. Folks were yet abed, and the shutters of the houses closed, as we went down the hill through the town. After crossing the bridge over the Arun the air felt cold and chill. At the steep ascent near Leominster I put my head out of the window for to look once more at the castle, but the fog was too thick. At the port the coach stopped, and a boat was found waiting for us. Lord Arundel was seated in it, with his face muffled in a cloak. The savour of the sea air revived my spirits; and when the boat moved off, and I felt the waves lifting it briskly, and with my hand in Basil's I looked on the land we were leaving, and then on the watery world before us, a singular emotion filled my soul, as if it was some sort of death was happening to me—a dying to the past, a gliding on to an unknown



future on a pathless ocean, rocked peacefully in the arms of His sheltering love, even as this little bark which carried us along was lifted up and caressed by the waves of the deep sea.

When we reached the vessel the day was dawning. The sun soon emerged from a bank of clouds, and threw its first light on the rippling waters. A favouring wind filled our sails, and like a bird on the wing the ship bounded on its way till the flat shore at Littlehampton and the far-off white cliffs to the eastward were well-nigh lost sight of. Lord Arundel stood with Basil on the narrow deck, gazing at the receding coast.

"How sweet the air doth blow from England!" he said; "how blue the sky doth appear to-day! and those saucy seagulls how free and happy they do look!" Then he noticed some fishing-boats, and with a telescope he had in his hand discerned various ships very far off. Afterwards he came and sat down by my side, and spoke in a cheerful manner of his wife and the simple home he designed for her abroad. "Some years ago, Mistress Constance," he said,—and then smiling, added, "my tongue is not yet used to call you Mistress Rookwood,—when my sweet Nan, albeit a wife, was yet a simple child, she was wont to say, 'Phil, would we were farmers! You would plough the fields and cut wood in the forest, and I should milk the cows and feed the poultry.' Well, methinks her wish may yet come to pass. In Brittany or Normandy some little homestead should shelter us, where Bess shall roll on the grass and gather the fallen apples, and on Sundays put on her bravest clothes for to go to Mass. What think you thereof, Mistress Constance? and who knoweth but you and your good husband may also dwell in the same village, and some eighteen or twenty years hence a gay wedding for to take place betwixt one Master Rookwood and one Lady Ann or Margaret Howard, or my Lord Maltravers with one Mistress Constance or Muriel Rookwood? And on the green on such a day, Nan and Basil and you and I should lead the brawls."

"Methinks, my lord," I answered, smiling, "you do forecast too great a condescension on your part and too much ambition on our side in the planning of such a union."

"Well, well," he said; "if your good husband carrieth not beyond seas with him the best earl's title in England, I'll warrant you in God's sight he weareth a higher one far away,—the merit of an unstained life and constant nobility of action; and I promise you, besides, he will be the better farmer of the twain; so that in the matter of tocher Mistress Rookwood should exceed my Lady Bess or Ann Howard."

With such-like talk as this time was whiled away; and whilst we

were yet conversing I noticed that Basil spoke often to the captain and looked for to be watching a ship yet at some distance, but which seemed to be gaining on us. Lord Arundel perceiving it, then also joined them, and inquired what sort of craft it should be. The captain professed to be ignorant thereof; and when Basil said it looked like a small ship-of-war, and as there were many dangerous pirates about the Channel it should be well to guard against it, he assented thereto, and said he was prepared for defence.

"With such unequal means," Basil replied, "as it is like we should bring to a contest, speed should serve us better than defence."

"But," quoth Lord Arundel, "she is, 'tis plain, a swifter sailer than this one we are in. God's will be done, but 'tis a heavy misfortune if a pirate at this time do attack us, and so few moneys with us for to spare!"

Now none of our eyes could detach themselves from this pursuing vessel. The captain eluded further talk, on pretence for to give orders and move some guns he had aboard on deck; but it was vain for to think of a handful of men untrained to sea-warfare encountering a superior force, such as this ship must possess, if its designs should be hostile. As it moved nigher to us, we could perceive it to be well manned and armed. And the captain then exclaimed:

"'Tis Keloway's ship!"

This man was one of a notorious infamous life, well known for his sea-robberies and depredations in the Channel.

"God yield," murmured the earl, "he shall content himself with the small sum we can deliver to him and not stay us any further."

A moment afterwards we were boarded by this man, who, with his crew, thrice as numerous as ours and armed to the teeth, comes on our deck and takes possession of the ship. Straightway he walks to the earl and tells him he doth know him, and had watched his embarkation, being resolved to follow him and exact a good ransom at his hands, which if he would pay without contention, he should himself, without further stop or stay, pass him and his two gentlemen into France, adding, he should take no less from him than one hundred pounds.

"I have not so much, or near unto it, with me," Lord Arundel said.

"But you can write a word or two to any friend of yours from whom I may receive it," quoth Keloway.

"Well," said the earl, "seeing I have pressing occasion for to go to France, and would not be willingly delayed, I must needs consent to your terms, no choice therein being allowed me. Get me some paper," he said to Mr. William Bray.

"Should this be prudent, my lord?" Basil whispered in his ear.

"There is no help for it, Master Rookwood," the earl replied. "Besides, there is honour even amongst thieves. Once secure of his money, this man hath no interest in detaining us, but rather the contrary."

And without further stopping, he hastily wrote a few lines to his sister the Lady Margaret Sackville, in London, that she should speak to Mr. Bridges, *alias* Grately, a priest, to give one hundred pounds to the bearer thereof, by the token that was between them, that *black is white*, and withal assured her that he now certainly hoped to have speedy passage without impediment. As soon as this paper was put into Keloway's hand, he read it, and immediately called on his men for to arrest the Earl of Arundel, producing an order from the Queen's Council for to prove he was appointed to watch there for him, and carry him back again to land, where her Majesty's officers did await him.

An indescribable anguish seized my heart; an overwhelming grief, such as methinks no other event, howsoever sad or tragical, or yet more nearly touching me, had ever wrought in my soul, which I ascribe to a presentiment that this should be the first link of that long chain of woes which was to follow.

"O my lord!" I exclaimed, almost falling at his feet, "God help you to bear this too heavy blow!"

He took me by the hand; and never till I die shall I lose the memory of the sweet serenity and noble steadfastness of his visage in this trying hour.

"God willeth it," he gently said; "His holy will be done! He will work good out of what seemeth evil to us." And then gaily added, "We had thought to travel the same way; now we must needs journey apart. Never fear, good friends, but both roads shall lead to Heaven, if we do but tread them piously. My chief sorrow is for Nan; but her virtue is so great, that affliction will never rob her of such peace as God only giveth."

Then this angelic man, forecasting for his friends in the midst of this terrible mishap, passed into Basil's hands his pocket-book, and said, "This shall pay your voyage, good friend; and if aught doth remain afterwards, let the poor have their share of it, for a thank-offering, when you reach the shore in safety."

Basil, I saw, could not speak; his heart was too full. O, what a parting ensued on that sad ocean whose waves had seemed to dance so joyously a short space before! With what aching hearts we pressed the young earl's hand, and watched him pass into the other ship, accompanied by his two gentlemen, which were with him arrested! No

heed was taken of us; and Keloway, having secured his prey, abandoned our vessel, the captain of which seemed uneasy and ill-disposed to speak with us. We did then suspect, which doubt hath been since confirmed, that this seeming honest Catholic man had acted a traitor's part, and that those many delays had been used for the very purpose of staying Lord Arundel until such time as all was prepared for his capture. The wind, which was in our favour, bore us swiftly towards the French coast; and we soon lost sight of the vessel which carried the earl back to the shores of England. Fancy, you who read, what pictures we needs must then have formed of that return; of the dismal news reaching the afflicted wife, the sad sister, the mournful brother, and friends now scattered apart, so lately clustered round him! Alas! when we landed in France, at the port of Calais, the sense of our own safety was robbed of half its joy by fears and sorrowing for the dear friends whose fortunes have proved so dissimilar to our own.

# Ancient Hymns for the Feasts of Irish Saints.

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE DENIS MCCARTHY.

(From the Antiphonary of Bangor.\*)

## ST. COLUMBA.

Columba penna nivea,  
Collo resplendens roseo,  
Loca petit sidera,  
De clauastro mundi luteo.

A DOVE, with snow-white wing, with rosy-gleaming breast,  
From out the world's dark ways seeketh the starry place;  
High on the penitential rock it built its sacred nest,  
And, like its tender young, brought souls to Christ through grace.  
Instead of joyful songs, its notes were groans of pain,  
And frequent tears were blended with the prayers of that sweet dove.  
Glory to God alone be given, who, when life's goal we gain,  
Will, through Columba's blessed aid, lead us to joys above. Amen.

## ST. COLUMBA (2).

Jesu, redemptor omnium,  
Servos benignus respice,  
Per Columbæ suffragia  
Mites et castos effice.

JESU, Redeemer of mankind, benign thy servants view,  
And through Columba's blessed prayers our hearts and reins renew;  
He by his fervour as a lamp within the Church did shine,  
By dove-like labours fired with zeal and purity divine;

\* The *Antiphonarium Beucorense*—a Ms. copy of which, written in the eighth century, is still preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan—was composed in the Monastery of Bangor, county Down (*Beannchar in Altitudine Ulteriorum*—Bangor, in the Ards of Ulster), founded by St. Comgall in 558. The hymns belong to the seventh century, and are therefore among the most venerable liturgical remains of the Irish Church. The Antiphonary was published by Muratori in 1713 from the copy just mentioned. A more perfect and complete edition, edited by the Rev. W. Reeves, D.D., is about to be published by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society.

Dreading the effeminate ways of life, from out the flood of sin  
 He wisely sought securest rest the eternal ark within.  
 Simple and childlike was his heart, and free from guile or strife,  
 And thus in peace he flitted o'er the troubled waves of life;  
 Spurning the world beneath his feet, he soared into the skies,  
 And tastes (his sacred mission o'er) the joy that never dies.  
 Glory to God alone be given, who, after life's brief race,  
 Will give us, through Columba's prayers, rest in the holy place.  
Amen.

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## ST. BRIGID.

*Adest dies lætitiæ,  
 Quo Sancta Brigida  
 De tenebris miseriæ  
 Transit ad regna lucida.*

Now the festival of Brigid, now the day of joy's at hand,  
 When she passed from death and darkness to the bright and better  
     land;  
 From her childhood fond she offered to the Lord her virgin vows,  
 And by all her angel graces pleased she her eternal Spouse;  
 Many signs and many wonders worked the virgin through the land—  
 Even the dry wood of the altar sprang to life beneath her hand:  
 'Tis the fair Hibernian laurel which ne'er sheds its verdant leaf;  
 Full of pity, to the suppliant ever did she lend relief.  
 Through the everlasting ages glory to the Lord be given,  
 Who, through holy Brigid's prayers, leads His children up to heaven.  
Amen.

## The Daughters of the Duc d'Ayen.



### PART II.

OF four daughters of the Duc d'Ayen, Madame de Grammont was the least attractive. Her person was small, her appearance stiff, her features marked; there was nothing soft about her look or manner. Her virtue was of a stern kind; she had schooled herself into a certain absence of feeling, neither right nor lovable; but fortunately her actions often contradicted her professions. Thus her kindness never failed, and her charity to the poor was boundless. There was a contradiction too between what she said and what she wrote; her speeches are always more or less stern, while her letters frequently betray deep affection; like a person who speaks from principle, but dares to let herself out on paper, sure of restraining emotion when necessary. Sacrifice was the prominent feature of her piety; duty dictated her every sentiment.

Eight out of her nine children she saw carried to their graves in youth, and each time she could say with composure, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Writing to Madame de Montagu about a daughter whose end was approaching, she uses these words: "As life ebbs away, her peace and self-possession are perfect. . . . I do not despair of helping her passage into the bosom of God after having erst borne her in my own; and it is sweet to make her repeat, 'I was cast into Thy arms, O Lord, from the beginning: Thou art my God even from my mother's womb.'" It was not in her character to disclose the struggle of natural feeling that was going on in her heart at the time that she was writing words like these.

Once Madame de Grammont writes to her sister: "The expectation, experience, and long continuance of misfortune have at length made me *impassible*." "And I," adds Madame de Montagu, commenting on the word in her journal, "am still a reed shaken by every breath." The two phrases aptly characterise each sister.

In 1848 Madame de Grammont, who had been an eye-witness of the two preceding revolutions, was quite surprised at the fears entertained by those around her. "But, grandmamma," said a member



of her family, "if the guillotine were set up again as in the Reign of Terror, surely you would feel some uneasiness?" "Poor child!" replied the old lady, "that has nothing to do with the question. Must we not all die? The important thing is to be well prepared; the mode of death is a mere detail." And thus unmoved, she lived on to the age of eighty-five—that is, till the year 1853—having survived all her sisters. Though her husband had been banished for some time, she never emigrated; and sixty-seven years of her life were passed in retirement at their château of Villersexel. There she was much beloved, being a true mother to all the poor.

Her sisters also were warmly attached to her. Madame de Montagu held her in such veneration, that though a little the older of the two, she always kept a journal for Madame de Grammont to read, that she might point out her faults and help her to amend. She called Madame de Grammont her *second conscience*, and the province in which she resided the kingdom of Virtue, with Peace (Villersexel) for its capital.

Madame de Grammont felt their mother's loss, in her way, as deeply as the rest. Perhaps, too, this heavy trial laid the foundation of her remarkable firmness; for there are some strong natures that cannot bend through fear of breaking. When able afterwards to communicate with Madame de Montagu, she writes:

"Since the immolation of those dear victims, the Cross is my sole place of refuge. With you, and all those we love in this world and the other, I cast myself into God's arms. There let all disquietude cease; there let our minds and hearts rest for ever; thence let us derive strength to perform our allotted task here below."

Her father had entreated Madame de Grammont to consult her personal safety in those perilous times by joining himself and Madame de Montagu in Switzerland. She declined, because her husband was only just recovering from a dangerous illness, and also through fear of compromising his family. Indeed, so much was circumspection necessary, that her letters were written on cambric handkerchiefs, which Madame de Grammont took the further precaution of sewing inside her messenger's waistcoat lining.

Madame de Montagu affords a strong contrast to Madame de Grammont. She went through life thrilling at every step; full of tears that often gushed for joy, but oftenest welled up from deep fountains of sorrow; heroic in faith, like the others, but quivering and writhing beneath each new load of anguish. She never grew accustomed to suffering, and yet God tried her well; but He could not weary her love for Himself. And thus, while human affections were ever causing sharp pain, divine love gave her strength to bear

it without asking her to overcome *them*. Such was her character, which grace supported without changing.

Madame de Montagu was admired in the world, but never cared for triumphs of any kind. Her sole wish was to please God and her home circle, and do good to her fellow-creatures. We may believe that the pauper sponsors who held her at St. Roch watched over their charge through life. For well and zealously, though full of natural shrinkings, did Madame de Montagu perform her part on the busy stage. Her timidity was put to its first great trial when, at sixteen, she had to undergo her first introduction to her intended husband, on whom she dared not raise her eyes, to see whether her parents' choice suited her, in appearance at least, until he fortunately turned away to look at a picture. Next came the further suffering of receiving congratulatory visits from all Paris, during which the poor bride elect was seated bolt upright, pale and trembling, beside her mother, and between two goodly rows of members of either family, ranged along both sides of the apartment. At church on the wedding-day she regained her composure, because all else was forgotten in the earnest prayer breathed that she might well perform her new duties.

Almost immediately the young wife had to sacrifice her greatest pleasure, that of seeing her mother and sisters frequently. M. de Montagu was obliged to join his regiment, and she was left under the tutelage of her father-in-law, a kind and clever man, but eccentric and full of vagaries. To please him, she did every thing not wrong, commencing that petty series of daily yieldings, insignificant to careless eyes, but so meritorious because so difficult. This is woman's battle-field, obscure but high; and in this path Madame de Montagu always walked, perfectly ignorant that her simplicity was in any way extraordinary. The good she did by example, and without any words, was immense; only near relatives and intimate friends could perceive it. One of these, M. de Mun, used to say that she was the only *dévôt* he ever knew who made him wish to be saved. So far could she condescend even to the pleasures of others, that in exile, after all her sorrows, she danced at a rustic ball. And to a nature like hers, such griefs as she had known were undying even in their keenness. One of her characteristic traits was that she never forgot an anniversary: every thing that had happened to herself and to those dear to her was treasured up, and recalled as the days came round. If it was an occasion of gladness, it was celebrated in public; but her life was more crowded with the memories of sorrow, and these she kept for the quiet of her own room.

We should occupy a larger space than that which is at our dis-

posal, were we to try to follow Madame de Montagu through the various stages of her exile from France. She first came to England, settling at Richmond; then she went with her husband to Aix-la-Chapelle, whence the success of the revolutionary armies drove them again to England. They stayed at Margate for a while; then the declaration of war between England and France brought out an order for the *émigrés* not to live on the coast, and Richmond received them once more. Economy, however, forced them to seek a cheaper abode at Brussels. Afterwards this place of refuge became unsafe, and Madame de Montagu was forced to separate from her husband, and accept the hospitality of an aunt, Madame de Tessé—a *philosophe* old lady, who had been a friend of Voltaire's, but who, as one of her grandnieces said of her, "*tout en se croyant incrédule, ne laissait pas de faire un grand signe de croix derrière ses rideaux chaque fois qu'elle prenait une médecine.*" Madame de Tessé lived at Lowenberg, in Switzerland; her character is charmingly hit off in the memoir before us; she would have delighted Mr. Thackeray. But the presence of Madame de Montagu brought persecution upon her kind relation, who took the characteristic resolution of selling her property and going elsewhere. She took her niece and family first to Erfurt, then to Altona, where many French *émigrés* were assembled. Her plan was to find a quiet spot beyond the Elbe, where she could live in peace, and carry on her farming operations; for her great delight was to manage every thing herself, and supply all the needs of her household from her own resources. They were a long time in finding a place that would suit Madame de Tessé. At length an estate named Wittmold was found, on the banks of the lake of Ploen; and here the exiles found rest for some time. The best elements of Madame de Montagu's beautiful character were developed under the hardships and sufferings of this life of poverty and continued apprehension. She had, of course, never known even the idea of want before she left France. When she left Paris, she so little expected to have to manage for herself, that it was only in consequence of Madame de Grammont's imperturbable prudence that she made any provision for the future. They had to part in secret, as it was dangerous to let their servants know of the intended flight of Monsieur and Madame de Montagu. In the suppressed agitation of the moment, Madame de Grammont was characteristically thoughtful. She asked her sister whether she was sure she had her jewels. "Why take them? we are not going to a fête." "*Raison de plus; c'est parceque vous n'allez pas à une fête, qu'il faut les emporter.*" The advice was afterwards found to have been indeed important; but even the sale of her jewels only supported Madame de Montagu for

a time. In the course of her long exile, she never made herself a very perfect manager.

She tried to study domestic economy; but she proved a greater proficient in not spending on herself than in learning how to manage household affairs on small means. Still her superintendence of the farm produced good results, from the zeal with which it inspired the workpeople. However low her funds, she always visited the sick and poor, managing to procure them some relief; she also worked unceasingly at objects for sale. Throughout life she never knew idleness, devoting fixed hours to prayer, reading, the instruction of her children, and works of charity. As years went on, she more and more begrudged the hours often forcibly given in social life to frivolous conversation. Her pleasure was to employ each moment usefully in some home duty; but this could not always be the case during exile, especially when residing with her kind but worldly aunt, Madame de Tessé.

At this period it was that she organised her *œuvre des émigrés*; a stupendous work, if we consider that there were 40,000 persons to assist, and 16,000,000 francs the moderate sum estimated as requisite for carrying it out with success. Unfortunately the details in figures of this work have been lost; for Madame de Montagu carefully noted down every fraction received, from what quarter it came, and how expended. But we know that the correspondence alone cost annually about 500 francs, during the four years it existed—that is, from 1796 to 1800. She collected money in Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, and England; and besides distributing pecuniary assistance, solicited employment for persons of all ages and sexes. She had children to get into schools, young women to place as governesses, drawings and needlework to sell, &c. All this was done without quitting her quiet home on the borders of Lake Ploen, or giving up one domestic occupation. When pressed for time she sat up at night. Winter only increased her zeal. "The colder it is," said she, "the warmer my heart grows." Indeed she ended by selling for this work the mourning worn for her mother and sister, which she had kept as a relic; at another time she also sold her prayer-book for the same object. But she never would take from this fund for members of her own family; she preferred working for them, not from pride, but through delicacy. For another charity she once cut off her beautiful hair and sold it, receiving 80 francs.

It is curious to remark that this gentle woman nevertheless had her own firm opinions, even on politics; and though never obtruding, still constantly held them. One is surprised to find also that these opinions were not often identical with the views held by those she

most respected and loved. In 1790, M. de Beaune, her father-in-law, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, wished to emigrate with all his family. His idea was to draw Frenchmen together on neutral ground, to place their families in safety, and having gained the support of foreign powers, to return with a good army for the protection of the king and the party of order in the State. Madame de Montagu fully shared these views; but her husband at this time disapproved of emigration, considering it the greatest mistake that could be committed by the king's friends. He hoped to arrive at an understanding between the liberal party and the *droite*, so as to save both the monarchy and liberty. His two elder brothers-in-law, MM. de Noailles and La Fayette, went far beyond these views. Without wishing to overturn royalty, their dream was to see it based on republican principles.

So indignant did this render M. de Beaune, that he broke with them entirely, and wished Madame de Montagu to give up seeing her two sisters, who naturally embraced their husbands' opinions. She could by no means understand that persons were to be proscribed because of their political opinions; but, not to irritate M. de Beaune further, she would not receive Madame de la Fayette, who offered to pay her a visit at Plauzat in Auvergne, and went instead to meet her privately at a neighbouring inn.

Meanwhile M. de Montagu had yielded to his father's wishes, and at the end of 1791 resolved to emigrate; his choice, however, fell on England rather than Coblenz, where M. de Beaune then was. Madame de Montagu was to accompany her husband. Ere leaving Plauzat she had the happiness of seeing her mother again, but could not summon up courage to tell her of her own approaching departure for England. Both mother and daughter looked on public matters exactly in the same way; there was great similarity between them as to judgment; but the duchesse was not impulsive, like Madame de Montagu. They parted most tenderly, with a presentiment of coming evil; but little did either dream that the guillotine was to separate them for ever.

Then commenced for Madame de Montagu the miseries and heart-burnings of exile. Twice she visited England, spending some time at Richmond and Margate. Griefs began to accumulate; she lost a child for the third time; Marat was lording it over Paris; M. de Montagu in disgust again quitted France, and went to serve under his father's orders on the banks of the Rhine; the massacres of September took place, followed by the fatal battle of Jemappes. The *émigrés* were henceforth banished. Then the king and queen fell victims to the revolution; Savenay destroyed the last hopes of the

Vendeans. In addition to all these public sorrows, and to the pressure of poverty, Madame de Montagu lost another child, her fourth; it seemed as if all her children were born but to die.

All her life she suffered from great delicacy of constitution, and this natural tendency was further increased by her extreme sensibility. Just after losing a child for the first time, and while she was praying, bathed in tears, beside its dead body, a messenger came to tell her that Madame de Grammont had just given birth to her first infant. Madame de Montagu, drying up all traces of her own sorrow, immediately hastened off to congratulate the young mother; but she had scarcely left her sister's room when she fainted in the adjoining apartment. A severe illness followed, the precursor of many others; indeed it may be said that her whole life was passed amid moral and physical suffering. Death was ever busy in her family.

She lost her only son Attale, a fine young man, just when he had attained his 28th year; and in this case sorrow was aggravated by the circumstance of his dying through accident—a gun went off in his hand. No fears, however, were entertained at first. Madame de Montagu herself was only recovering by slow degrees from a dangerous malady; a sudden and fatal termination had occurred for her son, and she knew it not. They dared not tell her. But the next day, being Trinity Sunday, Madame de Grammont suggested that she should receive holy communion, though still in bed: the priest in presenting the sacred Host invited her to meditate on the Passion, and especially on the sentiments of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross where *her Son died*. Madame de Montagu immediately understood him. Her husband then brought to her bedside the young widow and three orphan girls. Attale's mother wept in silence, at length ejaculating: "Thy decree, O Lord, has thus ordained, and I submit. But strike no more, for I am ready to faint beneath the weight of my cross." But she reproached herself afterwards for this.

Often before had she endured the mother's agony; but this was the hardest blow of all. And Madame de Montagu lived on to see many loved ones go before her; father, and husband, and several other relations preceded her to the tomb; for she lingered till 1839. Among them was M. de la Fayette, who died in 1834, having survived his wife twenty-seven years. Madame de Montagu and all the members of her family requested to be buried at Picpus.

This spot was hallowed to them by sacred memories, for there reposed above thirteen hundred victims of the Revolution. Its continued existence as a cemetery was due to the pious labours of Madame d'Ayen's daughters. In the days of terror, a pit had been dug outside the Barrière du Trône, and all the persons immolated in that



quarter of Paris were promiscuously thrown into it. The savage mode of proceeding has been related. As each head fell from the guillotine, it was cast, together with the body, still dressed, into a large barrel painted red. Each night, after the executions were over, these barrels were taken to Picpus, and their contents indiscriminately emptied into the pit. The ground had formerly belonged to an Augustinian convent. There, it could not be doubted, lay the remains of Madame d'Ayen and her daughter. Madame de Montagu and Madame de la Fayette, on their return to France, ardently wished to raise a monument to their memory; but on discovering the immense number of victims interred together, it seemed more desirable that the undertaking should be of a less private nature. By their joint efforts many families of other victims were attracted to the pious enterprise; souls devoted to prayer gathered round; the old convent and church of Picpus rose from their ruins. A cemetery was constructed round that gloomy pit, where not even a single name had been scrawled to recall the memory of those who slept below. Madame d'Ayen's three daughters could at least enjoy the sad consolation of praying near their mother's tomb.

All the sisters had bitterly, keenly felt the cruel stroke that deprived them of three such near relatives, and in such a painful manner; but none suffered more enduringly than Madame de Montagu. She was staying with Madame de Tessé, in Switzerland. News had reached her of the execution of her grand-aunt and uncle, M. and Madame de Monchy; but she was completely ignorant of what had become of her mother and sister. Fears, however, were rife. One day she set out to meet her father, whom she had not seen for some time; and he was so changed, that perceiving him on the way, she only recognised him from his voice. Each alighted, and his first question was to ask whether she had heard the news; but seeing her excessive emotion, he hastened to assure her of his own perfect ignorance. She felt a calamity impending, but dared not press for information in presence of a third person. They drove to an inn; and when father and daughter were alone together, he, after some preparation, informed her that he had just lost his mother. A deadly paleness overspread her countenance; confused and dizzy, she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "And I—" "I am uneasy about your mother and sister," answered M. d'Ayen, cautiously. But she was not to be deceived. His looks belied his words. That was the hour of bitterest anguish in Madame de Montagu's life. Cries and tears gave no relief. Again and again she saw the scene reënacted. Reason trembled; but still she strove to pray and be resigned. Remembering her mother's pious practice in times of sorrow, he also recited



the Magnificat; then, with beautiful feeling, in the midst of her own anguish, she knelt down and prayed, all shuddering, for those that made them suffer. But nature struggled still; and days passed ere she recovered sufficient composure to be left alone. When all the details reached her, strong religious feeling transformed the dungeon, the cart, the scaffold, into so many steps by which the martyrs had ascended up to Heaven.

The love unceasingly manifested by the three sisters for their martyred relatives is very touching. They were first reunited at Vianen, near Utrecht, in 1799. The ostensible object was to settle the division of property rendered necessary by their mother's death; but in reality they were much more occupied in calling up sweet memories of her and of their beloved sister. Madame de la Fayette was then about forty years of age; Madame de Montagu had reached her thirty-second year; and Madame de Grammont was rather more than a twelvemonth younger. They remained a month together, their husbands and families being also on the spot. Not a little suffering was caused by cold and hunger, for their united purses could still only produce insufficient means; fuel was wanting, and they had scanty fare. The three, however, would sit up at night to enjoy each other's society, wrapping their mantles round them to keep out the cold, and sharing one wretched *chaufferette*. They spoke very low, so as not to disturb husbands and children sleeping in the adjoining rooms. One great subject of conversation was to point out their mutual defects,—a Christian habit acquired under Madame d'Ayen's training, and surprisingly brought into play again under such circumstances.

Madame de Grammont remarked that events were graven in letters of fire on Madame de Montagu's countenance, and characteristically advised her to become more calm. She also took the opportunity of teaching her how to meditate,—a service which the elder sister gratefully acknowledges in her diary. Madame de Montagu observed with admiration Madame de Grammont's recollected demeanour at Mass, which they attended almost daily, saying she looked like an angel, absolutely annihilated in the presence of God. "As for me, I feel overwhelmed at my poverty beside her." Indeed, the two sisters vied in humility with each other. Madame de Grammont having once said, "You excite me to virtue and attract me to prayer," Madame de Montagu quickly replied, "Then I am like the horses in this country; for one sees wretched-looking animals along the canals drawing large boats after them."

But the chief theme at night was ever their mother. Madame de Montagu was accustomed to unite herself with the dear victims in

special prayer every day at the "sorrowful hour," and the other two now undertook the same practice. They also composed beautiful litanies in remembrance of them, during this stay at Vianen. Madame de Grammont held the pen, writing sometimes her own inspiration and sometimes what her sisters dictated. They called these prayers "Litany of our Mothers."

One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Madame de Montagu was her intimacy with the celebrated Count Stolberg, whose conversion to Catholicism seems to have been mainly attributable to the influence of her character. She came across him during her residence at Ploen and Wittmold. He was at that time at the head of the government of the Duke of Oldenburg; and he assisted her with all his power in her charitable labours for the relief of the French emigrants. The acquaintance between them sprung up in 1796. Count Stolberg, with his wife and sister,—the only one of the three who did not afterwards become Catholic,—had already begun to see something of the inconsistencies and deficiencies of Lutheranism. They were calm, thoughtful, upright souls; grave, severe, and simple, after the best type of the German character. They often conversed on and discussed religious matters among themselves; but they were very ignorant about the Catholic Church and its doctrines. Madame de Montagu taught them more about Catholicism, without speaking on the subject directly, than a whole library of controversial theology. Fragile in health, sensitive to excess, overflowing with sympathy and tenderness, tried by long and varied suffering, and strengthened, elevated, and spiritualised by the Cross, without having been hardened or made impassible,—her whole character showed a force and power and greatness that was obviously not its own. Such persons have an irresistible attractiveness; and they speak with a strange silent eloquence to intelligent hearts in favour of the religion which can produce and sustain them. Madame de Montagu was not a person to introduce controversial topics; but she won upon her new friends gradually, and at last they could not help telling her so, after listening to the account they had begged her to give of her own and her sisters' sufferings. After a time their hearts strongly turned to Catholicism; but intellectual difficulties remained on the mind of Stolberg, which were not set at rest till 1800, after he had been engaged in a correspondence with M. de la Luzerne and M. Asseline, to whom Madame de Montagu and her sisters had introduced him. The French prelates did their part; but the illustrious convert must ever be considered as in truth the spiritual child of Madame de Montagu.

## Records considered as a Source of English History.

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IF our readers call to mind the various works on history with which they may be acquainted, they will not fail to remark that the authors have commonly given but little prominence to any notice of the authorities upon which their relation is founded; and although this cannot be said to the same extent of the great standard histories, yet it is almost universally true of the small and more popular works, from which alone the great mass of men must ever gain their knowledge of the past. But if it be true, as we unhesitatingly believe, that the study of history, even in its slenderest shape, yields to few in interest or importance, we think that not a little of this interest and utility is lost by the omission which we have noticed. Mr. Prescott, in his deservedly popular histories, has appended to each chapter a notice of what he could gather as to the chroniclers from whom he derives his materials; and this has enabled his most superficial readers to form some judgment upon the degree of credit to which his romantic accounts are entitled; and also to conceive more vividly the real nature of the scenes recorded by those with whom some acquaintance is thus made.

Of the history of our own country it is especially true that little is known of the materials from which it is constructed, except by those whose tastes or employments have led them to give particular attention to the point. A certain amount of acquaintance with the leading events of our history is rightly regarded as an essential element in a liberal education; and yet we believe that very few of those who have not made the matter a subject of special, or as we may say professional, study are acquainted with the names of those *Decem Scriptores*, to whom they may remember to have seen references made in the foot-notes of Hume or Hallam; while hundreds of thousands know that William II. was shot in the New Forest, and that Henry I. died from eating too largely of lampreys, into whose minds the question never entered how these facts had, after the lapse of so many centuries, become known to them; or who, if it did enter, would contentedly answer that they had read it in history. The statement that "Hollingshed tells us that 70,000 persons suffered death on the scaffold in the reign of Henry VIII." is copied from book to book, having been originally made, we believe, by Black-

stone. As he chanced to mention in his text the name of the chronicler whom he followed, the compilers who have used his *Commentaries* have done the same; and thus one name of an authority has been brought before many, who never heard of any other, and who probably soon forget this, which is to them a mere name, not representing any distinct person.

We have no intention in the present paper of giving any account of the authorities upon which the ordinary histories are founded: they are exceedingly various, and do not in the main differ from those which furnish materials for the history of the other countries of Christendom; but we think that there is one source of matter accessible to our historians which does not exist to the same extent upon the Continent, and which, though limited in its application, and in no way available without considerable labour, is yet of the highest order in regard to the almost infallible truth of its indications. This source is found in the collection of the Public Records. But, to enable our readers to form a right judgment upon its value and importance, we must attempt a classification of the various species of evidence as to past facts.

Events which, from distance of time or place, do not fall under our own immediate cognisance, cannot become known to us but in one of two ways: either we observe marks which we know cannot have had their origin but in the event in question, or we learn it by the testimony of others to whom it has, mediately or immediately, become known; and to these two species of evidence the writers upon the subject have applied the names *real* and *oral*; where, to prevent misconception, it must be observed that by real evidence is meant that derived from things; in distinguishing which from evidence derived from words, it is in no way implied that the latter is not really and truly evidence, and capable of leading to the highest certainty.

The distinction between real and oral evidence may be illustrated by an example. A person has been stabbed in a scuffle, and before death mentions the name of his assailant,—this is oral evidence: a knife bearing the same name is found on the spot, which, on comparison of shape and size, appears to have inflicted the wound,—this is real evidence: and such is constantly used in the administration of justice.

We have said that oral evidence may lead to the highest certainty, such as is in every respect on a par with that obtained by the direct testimony of the senses, or by any other means. It is not to our present purpose to investigate the conditions which must be fulfilled to secure this; for they seldom are found in any evidence which can be used as a foundation of history. But apart from this,

it is clear that, as to great and notorious events, mere oral evidence, such as a pure tradition, will often afford sufficient ground for unhesitating belief—so often, that is, as there is no ground for suspecting the good faith of those through whom the tradition comes: minor details may change, but if circumstances keep alive an interest in the main event, the narration of it will be faithfully preserved. It is not often that we can with certainty say whether the memory of any event has been kept alive by pure tradition, such wherein each successive holder of the deposit received the knowledge orally from one who was himself not indebted to books for his information; but some instances occur in which accident or design has provided machinery for the frequent renewal of the tradition. A most venerable example of the latter is found in the case of the yearly recital by which the father of each Jewish family, on occasion of the Paschal Feast, relates to his wondering children the history of the deliverance of their ancestors from the Egyptian slavery;—this rite was instituted in the desert thirty-three centuries ago, and a hundred generations of children have thus learned the history, of which they afterwards read more in the Sacred Writings. So too in our own country we may believe that Lammas-Day never comes round but what the children of some yeoman of the New Forest hear that on that day the wicked king was slain, while hunting in the solitude which his father had made; and that no sooner does any young descendant of the faithful brothers Pendrell become capable of claiming his share in the annual bounty of King Charles, than he asks and learns the story of the fearless loyalty whereby his ancestors earned for themselves and their children this so gracious acknowledgment.\*

But while oral tradition is thus sufficient to raise a high degree

\* As the circumstance here referred to may be new to some of our readers, and is moreover of peculiar interest to Catholics, we subjoin some particulars in a note. King Charles II., after the disastrous defeat at Worcester, while seeking to elude the search of Cromwell's troops and effect his escape to the Continent, received most important assistance from four brothers of the name of Pendrell. They belonged to the class of yeomen, farming their own land; were Catholics, and, like most Catholics of those times, staunch royalists. On the Restoration their services were not forgotten, and an annual pension of 100*l.* was settled by the king upon them and their descendants for ever. This is still paid: the custom is for the money to be received by the agent to the Duke of Norfolk, who has the care of registering the births and deaths which affect the number of the claimants. These have amounted for many years to about a hundred men, women, and children—all sharing equally. None of them have ever since risen much above, nor sunk below, the position held by their ancestors, nor has any one of them been known to abandon the faith: none of the Pendrell money has ever been paid but to a Catholic.

of probability, or even absolute certainty, it may be said that real evidence is perfectly infallible. To understand this, we must carefully distinguish that which the real evidence itself proves, from the deductions which seem to follow. Thus, in the case of the assassination above referred to, the circumstances connected with the knife may be taken to prove infallibly that a knife bearing the prisoner's name inflicted the wound, but not that this knife was the prisoner's, nor that his arm struck the blow. Footmarks in the garden of a house where a burglary has been committed may, by their peculiarity, afford real and infallible evidence that they were made by the shoes of some suspected individual, but they do not give infallible proof that he was the robber; for he may have been there for some other purpose, or his shoes may have been used by the real culprit. The pieces of pottery said to have been found at a great depth in the soil of Egypt may give real and infallible evidence that they were placed there after the appearance of man upon the earth; but equal certainty will not always attach to any other deductions from this evidence.

Our readers will have observed that we have not taken into account the possibility of forgery. But besides mere forgeries, there is another species of real evidence, which is by no means so highly trustworthy as that of which we have spoken; this, which we may distinguish as designed real evidence, is such as is called into existence after an event, with the purpose of preserving its memory. In this there is risk not only of positive deceit, but also of that warping of views, arising from individual wishes and feelings, which, as we shall see hereafter, so much detracts from the value of written evidence; but it will often happen that real evidence which as to one point is designed and of little value, as to another is undesigned and infallible. Thus, the visitors to the British Museum who look upon the old Egyptian picture wherein the reigning Pharaoh is represented as driving before him a crowd of naked negroes may well doubt whether a negro artist might not have represented the matter differently; but the vanquished tribe are depicted with the well-known features which now characterise the Nubian race, and here we have real and undesigned evidence that these features have not altered perceptibly in the course of 3000 years; a fact of no small importance in the natural history of man. Again, Matilda, the Queen of William I., and her ladies worked a tapestry recounting the history of the Norman Conquest of England; and the work of their fingers may yet be seen in the cathedral of Bayeux, in Picardy. There can be no doubt that the appearance of the chain-clad horsemen of Normandy and of the English archers is here represented with fidelity; but when the



Queen shows us Harold swearing by the holy relics that he would not oppose her husband's right to the Saxon throne, all feel that no weight is hereby added to the evidence for a story long and hotly asserted by the Norman conquerors, and as warmly denied by their Saxon subjects. So, too, many a medal has been struck to commemorate a victory that was never gained; but a piece of ordinary money surely proves that the sovereign whose head it bears was reigning at the time of coinage.

We now come to apply this distinction to written evidence, which must ever form the great bulk of the historian's materials. This evidence is partly oral, partly real; and the real is partly designed, and partly undesigned. It may sound like a contradiction to speak of oral evidence in writing; but by this we mean such written evidence as depends for its reception upon the credit of the writer. The same writing may afford real evidence of one fact, and oral evidence of another. Thus, if a letter be found giving certain information, and suggesting the course to be pursued, this is real evidence that the receiver of the letter was informed of the fact, and that such advice was offered him; but, at the same time, it is merely oral evidence of the fact mentioned. If in the course of some proceeding a solemn instrument be drawn up, it is real written evidence upon the subject; and this evidence would be designed as to the principal matter, but undesigned as to subordinate points. Thus, it may well happen that the contents of a deed are untrue; but, apart from the supposition of actual forgery, it proves infallibly that the persons whose names appear as witnesses were then alive. Chronicles furnish nothing but oral evidence; but we frequently find treaties and other such documents inserted in them verbatim. These are real evidence, and often serve to correct mistakes of the writer, who has failed to see the true import of what he copied.

Our readers are now in a position to understand the value of public records as affording infallible proof of a number of facts, which, though disjointed and of little value in themselves, afford to the historian points of support upon which he can firmly rely in his task of constructing a consistent narrative out of the discordant materials afforded him by earlier writers. We here do not confine the term 'record' to its technical sense of the authentic narrative of the proceedings of one of the higher courts of justice, but we extend it to all writings drawn up in the regular course of public business, and preserved for future reference. It is manifest how free from all suspicion of falsification must be the contents of the great mass of these documents, especially as to matters which are not their principal object; and we will adduce two instances to show the use to which



they may be turned, where the wardrobe accounts, containing the claims of persons who had expended money about the service of the king's person and household, were unexpectedly the means of settling for ever disputed questions,—the one of our civil, the other of our literary history.

There is a conflict of authority among the chroniclers with regard to the exact date of the battle of Cressy; and it may be readily understood of what cardinal importance this point is in the history of the campaign of which this victory was the most signal event. No means were known by which the doubt could be solved; but it chanced that the accounts of the king's kitchen for that period have survived the lapse of time, in which the cook claims to be reimbursed his charges for preparing the royal dinner each day. The cook has mentioned the place where from day to day he performed his office, and thus the exact day is learned on which Edward dined at Cressy. There is but one such day, which was undoubtedly that of the battle.

One of the chief standing controversies which has engaged the attention of curious inquirers into our minute history relates to the real name, period, and character of the great ballad-hero Robin Hood. The roll of our peers is too well known to admit of any but the most enthusiastic believers in whatever the ballad tells supposing he was Earl of Huntingdon; but whether he was a partisan of the Yorkist or the Lancastrian claimant of the throne in the 15th century, or an assertor of Saxon independence against Norman oppression in the 11th, these questions have been debated with the greater warmth in proportion to the slender amount of materials for argument on either side. Some have supposed him the creation of the minstrels of no remote age; others assert him to be a Teutonic god; while a recent writer on the subject gives him a yet less substantial existence, and at the end of a laborious collection of evidence avows his belief that Robin Hood is an allegorical personage. The ballads relating to Robin Hood are obviously of very various date and historic value; but one which seems free from any great admixture of fable tells that the hero met King Edward near Newark in Nottinghamshire, at an assigned period of the year—early spring, if we remember aright—and was induced to take service in his household. But the confinement of the Court little suited one accustomed to the freedom of forest life; and when the leaves came forth on the oaks of Sherwood, Robin was off to his old haunts. Now, it is known that Edward II. was the only king of the name who was ever at Newark; and in the accounts of his household an item occurs showing that Robin Hood, about the period of the year mentioned in the ballad, received his wages as king's valet, and a gratuity on leaving the service,

"for he can no longer serve." There can, we think, be little doubt that these two accounts, coming from widely dissimilar sources, refer to the same circumstance; and thus the real fleshly existence of Robin Hood and the period when he flourished are fully established.

Let us now proceed to state more particularly of what these records in England consist, and the causes which appear to have led to the preservation of a greater amount of material of the kind in our country than in any other kingdom. A few remarks upon the difficulties attending the use of our records will conclude the paper.

In order that a document should be entitled, in strict law, to the name and privileges of a record, it must be an authentic contemporary narrative of the proceedings of some court of justice: nor does every court enjoy the privilege of making records, but this is confined to such as have either enjoyed it from time immemorial, or have received it on their first erection. Such courts are called courts of record; and besides the right from which they derive their name, they have the power of committing to prison persons guilty of contempt of their authority. Such are the three Superior Courts of Common Law, the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, and the Exchequer, together with a multitude of inferior courts of limited local jurisdiction. In a wider sense, the term is extended to the proceedings in the Court of Chancery—which is not a court of record—and to all matters belonging to any of the various offices among which the business of the original *Curia Regis* is now distributed, of which we commonly speak by the title of government offices. The law by which the custody of records is now regulated comprehends all these; and the Master of the Rolls is empowered to take possession of such as are of the age of twenty years or upwards, and to bring them into the common repository. To this rule there is an exception in the case of wills, which are preserved in various offices at Doctors' Commons and elsewhere, the original being produced when required, while copies are readily accessible for the purpose of perusal.

It does not appear that the Saxons were accustomed to commit to writing any memorial of the proceedings in their courts; at any rate, none such survive. The earliest record now in existence, and in every respect the most noble, is the famous Domesday-Book, or record of the military and other services found to be due to William I. in respect of every acre of land in England. This was deposited in the Treasury of the Court of Exchequer, which was particularly concerned with matters of revenue; and it was continually appealed to as a precious memorial of the rights of the sovereign. On the abolition of feudal tenures, the book ceased to be of value for its original purpose, but it will ever remain the corner-stone of our

topographical and early family history, on account of the multitude of facts collateral to its main purpose which are to be gathered from it, and as to which, we may observe, it furnishes undesigned written evidence. Domesday-Book was, we believe, the first of our records to be printed in full; and photographed *facsimiles* of a portion have lately been issued.

Domesday-Book is an isolated document, which has ever been preserved with a respectful and almost religious care—attested at this day by its splendid binding; but those records are in some respects of more interest which receive annual additions, and present a series increasing in length with the lapse of time; and of this class is the Great Pipe Roll, which our archivists assert to be unrivalled in the whole of Europe. This Roll derives its name of Pipe from the circumstance of its being the conduit through which the royal revenue was received; and it contains, in fact, the accounts rendered annually by the sheriffs of the money that came to their hands for the king's use. Besides some portions of earlier date, this Roll exists in an unbroken series for every year from the reign of Henry II. to the year 1833, when the system of taking the accounts was altered. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the various classes of records; it will suffice to say that information is found in them upon every topic connected with our military, civil, or constitutional history, as well as upon the life, family, and fortunes of persons of every rank. How much the bulk of the collections adds to the difficulty of using them will be seen before the close of this article.

Of the causes which have contributed to secure to us the preservation of so large a bulk of public papers, the first that we shall mention is, the predominance which the central government has in England always enjoyed over all local powers. The authority of the King of London has always been exercised directly over the whole of England, with the exception of the Bishopric of Durham and the Duchy of Lancaster. But the bishop in whose name the patrimony of St. Cuthbert was governed, being a churchman, could not become founder of a powerful family; and the dukedom of Lancaster had existed for but a few years, and that in the hands of members of the royal family, when the accession of Henry IV. united it to the Crown. On the Continent the case was different. The history of St. Francis Borgia and of St. Aloysius Gonzaga shows us that the Dukes of Gandia and Marquesses of Castiglione enjoyed sovereign rights over the inhabitants of these towns, while they yet were themselves subjects of the King of Spain and the Emperor; and in France the assertion of the royal supremacy over the various provinces was for many centuries exceedingly precarious; and many dukes or earls con-

tended on equal terms with him who at Rheims had received the unction of the sacred oil and the name of king. Nothing of this kind was ever known in England. Long-continued misgovernment sometimes led to a league of powerful nobles, who together succeeded in bringing about a change of measures, though such enterprises perhaps more frequently terminated in discomfiture; but no single family was ever able to withdraw itself for any length of time from the authority of the head of the Plantagenets. The pedigree of the De Veres might well bear comparison with that of the noblest families of the Continent; but had any Earl of Oxford failed in his yearly render of service to the king at Westminster, the loss of lands, his title, and his life would have reduced his kinsmen to beggary, and have warned the rest of the nobility to measure well their strength before incurring the penalties of treason and felony. The head of the Percies and of the Howards kept well-nigh regal state at Alnwick and Arundel; but the king's justices came regularly into Northumberland and Sussex, and the king's writ was executed with certainty in those distant counties, and thence regularly returned to Westminster.\*

In this predominance of the central power we see a reason of the accumulation of records in Westminster. That so many have been preserved to the present time is in part due to the fact that never since the commencement of our history has war been seen in the capital. Since the battle of Hastings no part of England, except the Scottish border, has ever seen a foreign hostile force worthy to

\* Something may not be out of place here upon the origin of the sheriff's power, which is the chief agent by which the royal authority is exercised in England, and the memorials of which constitute the great bulk of our records. Originally each county had its earl, or comes, who was responsible for the preservation of the king's peace within it. These earldoms becoming hereditary, an officer was appointed to be, as it were, a deputy of the earl, whence he received the name of vice-earl, or vice-comes—in English, sheriff. His duty was to execute the orders conveyed to him in letters or writs from the king; and to aid him in this, he had the right of summoning the whole power of the county, *posse comitatus*. Such writs, commencing *Rex Vicecomiti salutem*, and terminating with the regal words, *Teste meipso apud Westmonasterium*, and authenticated by one of those seals which it was treason to counterfeit, were the instruments of every exercise of the royal power, of the gravest act of state, and the most ordinary matter of routine. Every action at law began with such a writ; and when the ministers of Edward II. resolved upon the suppression of the powerful order of the Templars, they merely issued to the sheriffs writs, of which the purport is concisely expressed by the endorsement, "*De omnibus Templariis uno die arrestandis*." When the duty had been performed, the sheriff sent back the writ to Westminster, having previously written upon it his "return," usually, "I have done as it is within commanded me." The number of such writs existing is reckoned by hundreds of thousands.

be called an army; and although, from the accession of Stephen to the Jacobite rising of 1745, no long interval elapsed without some rebellion or civil war, yet we do not remember any case in which actual fighting approached the capital. Had London ever been sacked by the troops of Alva or Napoleon, perhaps Lord George Gordon's riots would be less remembered.

But we think that the cause which has been most influential in saving from destruction so large a mass of parchments and papers is to be found in our national character, which leads us to have what seems to foreigners a superstitious regard to precedent and reverence for antiquity. A curious illustration of this occurred in connection with that change in the method of keeping the public accounts, to which allusion has already been made. In that system pieces of wood, called tallies, were used, by lines cut into which various sums of money were indicated. In the course of centuries a vast mass of these had accumulated; and when the plan was changed, a question arose, what was to be done with the sticks, the engravings upon which would soon cease to be intelligible to any living man. In spite of many protests by reverers of antiquity, the reforming spirit of the time triumphed, and the Exchequer tallies were condemned to the flames. For the place of their destruction the stoves of the Houses of Parliament were chosen; but during the process the flues became overheated, the dry timber of Edward I.'s erection burst into flame, and shortly the whole of the venerable building was destroyed. There were not wanting some who gravely said that nothing but harm was likely to result from the burning of such sacred relics as the Exchequer tallies.

The national regard for precedent is chiefly manifested in the law, of which it may be said to be the soul. What has once been decided in a competent court is settled for ever, and the formal record is the only admissible evidence of the decision. No party is allowed to call in question the truth of a record; and should a mistake have been made in drawing it up, the regular remedy of the person aggrieved is by action against the clerk employed. We not unfrequently see questions of grave import decided by the production of some little fragment of parchment, and the opinion of some persons experienced in these matters whether the roll of which it once formed a part would five centuries before have been considered a record. Not only private controversies, but the gravest constitutional questions are decided among us by an appeal to the original parchments. When any matter of difficulty arises, the Houses of Parliament appoint committees to search for precedents; and some of our principal statesmen have owed much of their influence to their fami-

liarity with the contents of the treasuries of the courts. The course of events at a most critical period of our history was mainly determined by the success of Noy, the Attorney-general of Charles I., in his researches among the Exchequer records in the Tower. He there found an ancient writ for ship-money; and the chief part of the revenue of the country was for twelve years raised upon the strength of this precedent alone.

The House of Lords upon one occasion wished to contest the exclusive right of the Commons to originate money-bills, and called upon them to produce the record under which they claimed. The Commons retorted by calling on the Lords to produce the record of their right to examine witnesses upon oath, adding, that the memorial of their own privilege would be found endorsed on the back. They well knew that no such record existed, as both the one and the other right is merely customary.

We have left ourselves but little space for illustrating the difficulties attending the use of the records by the historical inquirer; but we may say, in brief, that the chief arise from the vast bulk of uncatalogued matter which is found in the offices. A roll belonging to the single Court of Common Pleas comprises no less than 1200 miles of parchment nine inches wide; and other series of documents approach the same size. Until lately to no part of this mass did any calendar of practical value exist. In this state of things the difficulty of finding matter bearing upon any particular question is obvious. The work of forming proper calendars was commenced some twenty-five years since, and may be expected to be completed before the end of the next century. Some of the most important records have been printed in full.

When a document is found, the searcher may deem himself fortunate if the effects of damp, with which those of fire have sometimes combined, allow of his reading a single word. If the membrane be clean, and the faded ink restored by chemical applications, the character will often be wholly illegible to the unpractised eye; and even experts in the art of reading can frequently do nothing better than guess from the number of minims or thick down-strokes what combination of letters may have been intended. But supposing a printed or fairly copied text be attained, the great difficulty sometimes remains—to make use of the information. It has been said that to attain a full understanding of Domesday-Book alone is a study for a lifetime. The difficulty arises partly from the change of manners, partly from the infinite variety used in naming persons and places, in stating dates, periods of time, and measures; but above all from the extreme brevity of the memoranda, which often alone remain. Often



has a sanguine inquirer gone to Fetter Lane full of hope that there he will find the materials of the long-projected history of his parish in the country; and having spent a laborious holiday, he returns to his home convinced that the art of diplomacy\*—for so that of consulting records is sometimes termed—is not to be learned in a week.

We shall conclude with one more illustration of the truth-disclosing power of records. Some documents, selected from various quarters on account of their peculiar importance, were in the course of the seventeenth century brought into one building in Whitehall, which acquired the name of the State-Paper Office. The collection here received increased from time to time, and all access to it was jealously denied to the public. Among the papers placed here were the whole of those relating to the Powder Plot; and consequently no account of the confessions made by the prisoners in that case was accessible to the historian, except that contained in the narrative published by King James's order. Some years since Mr. Jardine obtained leave to use these documents in compiling his history of the Plot. He found the original papers whereon the clerk had written the sentences which the rack had forced from Fawkes and his associates; to these the prisoner had appended a distorted signature. And the papers are full of additions and alterations in the handwriting partly of the king and partly of his worthy minister, Sir Edward Coke. From the confessions thus garbled the published narrative is drawn up. Thus does the paper afford "undesigned real evidence" of the nature of that kingcraft upon which James so much prided himself.

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\* \* This word is derived from *diploma*, which in late Greek and Latin signified a license under the emperor's seal; in low Latin it seems to have been extended to all legal documents.



## Kirkstall Abbey: a Sonnet.



ROLL on by tower and arch, autumnal River;  
 And ere about thy dusk yet gleaming tide  
 The Phantom of dead Day hath ceased to glide,  
 Whisper it to the reeds that round thee quiver—  
 Yes, whisper to those ivy-bowers that shiver  
 Hard by on gusty choir and cloister wide:  
 "My bubbles break; my weed-flowers seaward glide:  
 My Freshness and my Mission last for ever!"  
 Young Moon, from leaden tomb of cloud that soarest,  
 And whitenest those hoar elm-trees, wrecks forlorn  
 Of olden Airedale's hermit-haunted forest,  
 Speak thus: "I died; and lo, I am reborn!"  
 Blind, patient Pile, sleep on in radiance! Truth  
 Fails not: and Faith once more shall wake in endless youth.

AUBREY DE VERE.

## The Fine Arts at the Dublin International Exhibition of 1865.

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DUBLIN, after the example of its larger neighbours, has organised an International Exhibition. The Palace of Industry in which it is contained does not cover the seventeen acres of that at South Kensington; but it is a structure as commodious for its purpose, and far more attractive in appearance. Unlike its large predecessor, it is not doomed to the same untimely dissolution, but is put together by a "Crystal Palace" company, and is to remain a permanent source of enjoyment to the social and cheery inhabitants of the Irish capital. It is placed in a pretty garden of some five acres in extent, made in the rather dreary space, that many of our readers will remember, between Stephen's Green and the station of the Wicklow Railway.

The structure itself is tastefully decorated, under the direction of Mr. Henry Doyle, the artist. He has had no more scope for this than the choice of the colours with which the different iron members are painted; but, by a delicate play on the different tones of air-colours, he has contrived to give the lightness and grace which an iron structure ought always to exhibit; and we are certain that the justice of his decisions will be admitted.

Of the commodiousness, however, of the various arrangements,—the excellent refreshment-rooms, clean waiters and comely Irish waitresses, post-office, news- and writing-room, and so forth,—it is not our business to discourse. Whether the Executive Committee, or Mr. Bagot, or Mr. Parkinson, ought to be the special recipients of the thanks of sight-seers, we cannot tell; but the spirited efforts of all concerned in this bold undertaking, following the Great Exhibition in Kensington, and preceding one as great or greater in Paris, deserve an ample meed of praise.

Our present object, we must repeat, is with the Art side of the Exhibition, not with its general arrangements and objects. It is in this respect that we propose to enter into details as far as our limited space will allow.

As an Art-Gallery the Dublin International, taken all round, is a great success. We understand that Mr. Henry Doyle has been supreme in this department; and he has done his work admirably.

In this present year, so soon after 1862, and before Paris of

1866, collectors are shy of sparing their pictures; while the wealthy markets of London and Paris naturally draw unsold works in those directions. Then there is the risk of sixty miles of sea additional in the way of transit. Many difficulties, in short, beset a collection of art-works in Dublin; and the success obtained is the more creditable. We proceed, however, to detail. The entrance, then, to the main nave of the structure is through a long hall, surrounded by a gallery and lighted from the roof. In this are placed the larger number of works of sculpture; some few overflowing into the nave, where busts are conveniently disposed against the iron columns. The gallery above contains pictures; while various well-lighted rooms lead off from it, in which the works of the several nations are classed apart.

As we enter through this sculpture-gallery, we may begin with that subject. The principal contributors are Rome and the Italian kingdom; the former, as usual, taking the lead in numbers and excellence. The delicate completeness of the Roman sculpture, as far as it goes, is as well preserved in the Dublin Exhibition as it always is. And the same may be said of the Italian. The most imposing of the Roman contributions is a colossal statue of the Holy Father (No. 185). He is in complete pontifical vestments, and holds in his hand the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. It is by Matteini, and is judiciously placed in the body of the Exhibition, of which it is the general place of meeting. The most popular and the best works are: (No. 23) Saul, by Storey. The figure is sitting, and the expression of vague and terrific absence of mind is admirably rendered. There are lines of weakness in the knee-drapery, which may perhaps be intentional. Judith (No. 37), by the same artist, is a noble and graceful figure, and well carried out all through. The Sleeping Fawn and Satyr (No. 15), by Miss Hosmer—a classic subject—is as well treated as we may expect such subjects to be in our own times, in which they must and do imply too much of a divorce from the habits of thought and ordinary objects of interest of the age. No. 16—The Reading Girl—by Magni, Milan, is already familiar to our readers from the stereoscopes of London. Zocchi of Florence (No. 22) has a vigorous and graceful statue of Michael Angelo sculpturing as a boy. There is more vigour and general “go” about this statue than we find in the Italian work round it, while it is thoroughly boyish and simple. Mr. Munro in No. 34—A Boy and Dog—keeps up his reputation. He contributes several other pieces—Nos. 211, 212, 213 being the most important of these. Mr. Woolner (No. 204) contributes a vigorous bust; and No. 202 is a sketch for his bold and masterly bronze statue of the late Mr. J. R. Godley, now in the South Kensington Museum, in

which every minute detail of modern dress has been grappled with. Perhaps the only point we feel inclined to dispute with him is the small departure from exactness in this respect, in the graceless bagginess of the coat, and one or two lines in the trousers, needlessly derogatory to the skill of Mr. Poole's workmen. No. 42 is a Veiled Bust, by Lombardi of Rome—a skilful *tour de force*, which maintains a singular popularity. It should be called "A Towel or Veil on a Bust," for this is the real object sculptured. Of complete female figures, perhaps Eve (No. 53), by Argenti of Milan, is among the most pleasing. No. 99, however—Beatrice Cenci asleep in her cell, Bottinelli—is singularly graceful and pure in treatment.

Amongst the busts in the main building we notice one by Mrs. Hill (No. 222); Barry Cornwall, by Foley (No. 225). Several contributions by Hogan the younger, Kirk, Farrell, Margaret Foley, and Miss Jane Morgan deserve all our attention. To see Irish exhibitors training themselves in Dublin, or elsewhere in Ireland, is a real source of interest to the profession. Ladies too are taking places amongst them; second, in Miss Hosmer's case, to no one.

Before taking leave of this gallery of sculpture, we cannot but be struck by the prominence of the feature of external smoothness and softness of surface, to the neglect of more vigorous general handling of the subject. This is specially characteristic of the Italian sculpture. A general softness of treatment has led to an immense prominence being given to the nude of the female rather than the male figure. Contrasted with the simple unconscious modesty that the classic sculptures exhibit in these subjects, we regret a prurient element of sensuality in a number of the female figures of the Exhibition that spoils much skilful handling and creditable knowledge of the structure and movements of the human figure.

We pass on, or rather up the stairs—of which there are plenty of convenient flights—to the picture-gallery of the central hall. There a variety of nations are represented: the French, indeed, scarcely at all. Nineteen works only appear on their list. Of these (No. 7), A Monk, by H. Brown, is serious in character and well painted. No. 9, The Widow's Mite—a touching and graceful composition, by Dubufe—and a Dog Portrait, by Rosa Bonheur, are the best; the latter true, as ever, to nature; but it is not an important production of such a painter.

Amongst the Germans we note (No. 32) a fine landscape, with a Cuyp atmosphere, and admirably painted figures and cattle, by Voltz, Munich. No. 36, also by a Munich artist, Bethke; and No. 37—The Important Question—by Lasch of Dusseldorf, are well worth attention. No. 55—The Emperor Henry IV. doing penance—is a more

important work, vigorously treated and well painted, by H. Pheddermann; as well as No. 56, The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa reconciling the Princes and Legates in the Diet of Besançon.

No. 64 has some admirable painting of winter moonlights on the snow, by Donzette, Berlin.

The German painters contribute some exceedingly meritorious landscapes; of which No. 90—The Sogne Fiord in Norway—shows, perhaps, as well-painted rock and fern foreground as we have ever seen. Other works of a similar nature are also well carried out in these respects.

The Germans have added a somewhat novel and very striking feature to the Exhibition, in a number of large cartoons. These are hung in the large music-hall, opening, like the central hall, out of the main body of the structure; of which, in its proper musical capacity, we shall have a word or two to say before closing our notice.

The most remarkable of these cartoons is No. 541 (Kaulbach), The Destruction of Babel. The tribes and families of the earth are full of life and movement, rushing, in an enlarging circle, to people the globe. Several of the Prophets, by Hess, and various important works by Pixis, are amongst the number. These large productions appear to be chiefly, if not entirely, from Munich. If the artists could have sent or contrived on the spot some kind of frames for these, it would have contributed to do their grand works more justice. Mr. Doyle, however, has done well to find room for them, as most interesting and effective additions to the established characteristics of picture-hanging.

As in London in 1862, the Scandinavian School is rich in good painting. Tidemand, besides The Preacher (No. 110), has a beautiful picture (No. 114), Grandmother's Bridal Crown; an old peasant, with a noble northern head, showing her marriage ornaments to a group of grandchildren, the different degrees of whose admiration are powerfully distinguished.

Amongst other good works of this school, we note in the great music-hall an admirable national domestic scene, The Proposal (No. 417), by Fagerlin, Sweden. The puzzled expression of the simple-hearted father could not, as a piece of painting, be surpassed. Madame Jerichau, Denmark, has several works of merit in this hall. We trace the influence of the school even in the Belgian room (No. 309). Nor are the Scandinavians less good in landscape. No. 435 is a painting of a Fiord in Norway, with good mountain and unsurpassed rock foreground painting. F. Sorenfen in No. 409—Bell-Rock, Scotland—gives us some admirable sea-painting; and again in No. 403. Here indeed, if anywhere, the races that produced the hardy sea-

kings of bygone ages should be at home. These stormy seas are equal to the best of Stanfield's wave-drawing. Their domestic peasant-life, too, has a singular freshness and vigour; and seems to be a more genuine portraiture, with but few exceptions, of national life than the sentimental productions we see on our Academy walls.

There are many good Dutch paintings, and the average of power is well maintained. They are Dutch in minuteness and general characters, following the older schools.

The Roman School includes two religious works by Rohden, and a landscape by Bompiani (No. 138). The Italians are more numerously represented. A somewhat unusual method of painting is to be seen in several of their works, the colour being laid on in a thick dry mass, to give fullness and airiness of tone with solidity. The effect of it is a great flatness of tone, and sometimes a roughness resembling worsted-work. As far as we see it practised at this Exhibition, it seems a failure.

There are some thoroughly well-painted pictures, however, in this school; amongst which the most masterly is (No. 166) by Miola—*Plantus*, as a miller, reading one of his Comedies. The drawing and painting of the whole group is admirable. There is a great deal of knowledge of the figure; and the artist has contrived to give to the audience of women and others, peasants or slaves, a thoroughly genuine expression throughout. We consider this a complete and imaginative work of the highest order. We may also call attention to *Gastaldi's Atala* (No. 477), in the great music-hall; and to several good interiors and fair specimens of Italian landscape,—a subject in which Italian Art has seldom been thoroughly happy.

The Belgians have a large room to themselves, besides covering a considerable space in the great music-hall. The average is not high. No. 234, in the corridor, is a fine painting by Mennier—*The Obsequies of a Trappist*. It is dignified and simple in treatment, and well painted throughout. In the room we notice (No. 289) an admirable likeness of Mr. H. Barron the diplomatist, by Dewinne; and more than one excellent architectural landscape painting by Bossuet; *The Church of St. Dominick at Catalataynd* (No. 295); and again (No. 333), *The Ruins of the Caliph's Palace at Zahra*, in Spain.

By far the most striking national contributions to the gallery are the Spanish paintings. It was rumoured that we were to expect a considerable accession of works of art from that country previous to the opening. We were, notwithstanding, surprised by the number, importance, and excellence of the Spanish works. So little are we used to see the works of modern Spanish painters, that we may be

pardoned if we devote a more detailed examination to their contributions.

No. 171 (Hispaleta)—The Orphan's Sorrow—is a tender and well-sustained piece; and No. 173, by Vales, a larger work, representing the exposure of the body of Beatrice Cenci on the bridge of St. Angelo—citizens and others offering alms for Masses for her, and expressing their sympathy with the general solemnity of the scene. The whole treatment of this work is simple and effective, particularly that of a group, on the right side of the picture, of peasant women. No. 174, a large work by Rosales—Isabel the Catholic dictating her Will. In this, again, a number of characters are well distinguished throughout; and, as in the Cenci, the principal (dead) figure is represented with a thorough sense of reality, but free from any thing morbid or repulsive.

We remember a very striking Spanish work in the Exhibition of 1862, representing an execution, in which the same artistic reserve and dignity was maintained, in a subject naturally repulsive, with singular skill. We cannot recollect whether the artist's name was Vales or not.

No. 177—The Ancient Hall of the Cortes of Valencia—is the finest interior that we have seen in modern days. Nearly half the picture is occupied by the perspective of the ceiling, and a quantity of architectural detail repeated without any violence of perspective, or the slightest impression of dullness or redundancy from the repetition of the details. It has a group of figures in the centre, and the light is well arranged. Nothing of the kind in the Exhibition comes near this work.

The Chapel of Don Alvaro de Luna, Toledo, P. Gonzalvo (No. 196), is also a well-painted interior. No. 191—Torquato Tasso retiring to St. Onofrio in Rome by Maureta—should be carefully studied. No. 491—The Funeral Convoy of Friar Felix Lope de Vega Carpio, passing the convent in which his daughter was a nun—is a dignified and powerful rendering of the struggle between religious resignation and natural grief; and No. 496—The Burial of St. Lawrence in the Catacombs—wholly free from the kind of affectation common to these representations of classic Christianity. Here we may also notice a funereal or rather dying scene on the staircase wall, full of touching solemnity, that represents the last moments of Friar Carlos Climaque. The dying monk is embracing the Superior of his monastery, to express his gratitude for having saved his soul in the religious life, which would have been lost in the world. The whole tone and feeling of this painting is in admirable keeping with the character of the subject, and the design and execution are masterly.



Other Spanish paintings might well be selected, had we space for more than a passing notice of individual works. We observe throughout these works the expression of that mixed type of seriousness, reserve, and dignity we are apt to look for in our estimate of the Spanish character—proud indeed, but religious, grave, and courteous. We cannot but regard the contributions from that country as an immense addition to the European Art of the day, treating as they do, and as the reader cannot fail to observe, subjects of a serious, often of a melancholy nature appropriately, and with entire freedom from the melo-dramatic element so usual where these subjects are handled by schools of men less serious and reserved in character.

There is a good water-colour gallery, in which we recognise Mr. F. W. Burton in several admirable works; some of which, especially the Child holding a flower, have already been published in the Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall.

Mr. Jones has (No. 30) a good drawing of Marguerite in the Cathedral; Mr. Doyle a portrait of Cardinal Wiseman, already favourably known in the Royal Academy. It would not be fair, however, to Mr. Doyle, to omit a visit to his wall-paintings at the Dominican Convent at Cabra.\*

In the nave and apse of this small church Mr. Doyle has painted a series of figures, the most important representing the Holy Family and the Saints of the Dominican Order. No better religious mural painting has been seen in our days either at home or abroad, taking the compositions as far as they go, and including the element of colour. These can be seen by means of a half-crown, and the services of one of that useful class of her Majesty's servants, the Dublin car-men.

Of the British Gallery we shall not attempt any lengthened criticism. It is as good a selection as could be got together, with the pressure of the Royal Academy in view. The large majority of the works have long since been reviewed, most of them many times over. Several good portraits by Catterson Smith are new to us, as is an exceedingly interesting painting by Mr. Sheil (No. 167), *The Angel of Intercession*. The picture consists of a central figure—an angel swinging a censer, to represent the act of prayer; while a number of subjects in small frames or compartments round the picture suggest a variety of scenes in daily life, in which every form of temptation threatens the soul of man, and from which he is saved by intercessory prayer. The whole composition is well designed and painted,

\* We submit this spelling under correction, not having the means of verification at hand.

and full of interest. Mr. Sheil will, we hope, show us more of his works another year on the walls of our Academy.

We have, besides these, a gallery of the old masters, amongst which are three Hogarths. The greater portion is contributed by Lord Portarlington and Sir C. Coote; and a number of interesting works that few of us could otherwise see are by this means open to the public. To offer criticisms of these works would carry us beyond our limits, as they must be regarded as an accession altogether beyond the necessary features of a modern Exhibition. They are a kind and hospitable addition to the whole, and add in no small degree to the pleasure of the visit, as we hope our readers will be able to say for themselves.

Music does not properly fall under our notice; but having alluded to the great music-hall, we must go on to say that it is, though only temporarily completed, already furnished with a fine organ, and the floors are occupied by pianos of various kinds for sale. Amateurs and professionals treat the public to exceedingly good music on these instruments from time to time when no military band is in attendance; and occasional social gatherings, under the permission of the authorities, take place after hours, or on late mornings, before the time of admission. At these meetings amateur music, vocal and instrumental, may be heard of the very highest merit; and the easy kindness with which our genial neighbours exert themselves to give as much pleasure as is in their power to those fortunate enough to gain admittance, will long remain amongst the pleasant memories with which we shall look back to the Dublin International Exhibition of this summer of 1865.

J. H. P.

## Christian Antiquities in the East.

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ONE of the later poets, or poetasters, of Greece lamented that he had been born at a time when the field open to labourers of his class had been already so well worked as to be nearly exhausted. We shall not discuss the question whether his complaint showed or not a true apprehension of the nature and office of the poetic faculty; though, certainly, there are many senses in which it may be true to say that later generations are at a disadvantage, as compared with their ancestors, in the matter of poetry. In other fields also of human activity and enterprise it might seem that the world was almost worked out. If Columbus were to be born again in our century, he could find no new world to discover. If the North and South Poles ever give up their secrets, we can hardly expect that the revelation will possess much human interest. Captain Burton will not allow us yet to claim for our countrymen the solution of the eternal riddle of the source of the Nile; but at all events we have got a pretty fair idea as to what may be expected from further African discovery. The ocean, which covers the larger portion of the surface of the globe, may have a few more wonderful islands to disclose to future navigators; but it can hide nothing comparable in interest to that which we already know. He would be a bold man who should venture to limit the further discoveries of physical science, and the services which they may hereafter render to social convenience and improvement; and yet it may not be unreasonable to conjecture that we have already mastered the best secrets that nature has been commissioned to yield to our industry and research. The mind of our century seems to be turning back upon the old, in despair of finding fresh food in the new. We are rediscovering antiquity, hunting up old documents and monuments, writing history over again; and, as if the few thousand years that our race has lasted were not enough, some adventurous spirits pile century upon century to begin with. Leaving dreams alone, those who occupy themselves with ascertained facts, and prefer industry to speculation, find plenty to undo, plenty to do afresh, with regard to our records of the past; and their labours are often rewarded by real discoveries, which fill up a gap where nothing existed before. It would seem that in this respect we are but beginning to work in a field that promises the richest and most abundant harvest of truth.

To those who have the spirit of adventure, and the courage to brave danger in the pursuit of novelty, the wonderful East is still the land of promise. It is continually yielding fresh treasures to its pilgrims. It has made in our time several conspicuous reputations, and may make many more. Go into the desert for a year or two by yourself, and if you re-appear at all, your face will shine with the halo of celebrity. We are very far indeed from implying that the honour won by Oriental discoverers has not been justly earned. In many cases they have undergone the greatest privations and the most serious dangers; in almost all they have at least shown great tact, courage, perseverance, and the most honourable industry. Fascinating as the East is, the labourers of whom we speak have had far higher merits than if they had merely sought to revel in romance. It is the cradle of humanity, of religion, of civilisation. Philosophy, history, and science were born there; and the heavenly flame of poetry was first kindled at its sanctuaries. Its history is the oldest, the grandest, the most significant in the world, or rather, no history has any significance or any grandeur but through it. By a marvellous arrangement of Providence, though those fair regions have been for more than a thousand years placed under a curse, and their children enslaved to a system of abominable unbelief which blights everything that it touches, they have yet in many respects retained with unparalleled fidelity the manners of primitive times; and the traveller finds himself in the midst of biblical customs as well as of biblical scenery. Finally, the monuments of the former civilisation of the East have remained in numberless instances untouched and undefaced, and have thus become the most valuable of all collateral sources of information as to the history briefly told or alluded to in Scripture, supplying at the same time an abundance of materials of knowledge on all points connected with the life and manners of ancient nations, which has come like a flood upon the students of Europe before they were prepared for it. It will take many years of patient industry to interpret, digest, and arrange the information that has been already accumulated; and when that has been dealt with, there are rich stores enough still untouched to satisfy the energies of future generations.

We are accustomed to connect the discoveries of Eastern monuments with the shedding of new light on history of the most ancient times, with regard to which we have hardly any existing records—except, perhaps, some passing mention in the books of the Hebrew Scriptures. It would, however, be a mistake to limit the field of Oriental discovery to the most remote times. It is far from impossible that the progress of research may bring to light a great treasury of materials by which the history of Eastern churches may be illus-

trated to a wonderful degree. The whole East, far into what are now the unvisited and almost unknown regions beyond the Caspian Sea, was studded with Christian churches; and it was not till the rise of Mohammedanism that the further progress of Christianity was checked, and the frontiers of the Cross beaten back towards the west. To that one great judgment upon the levity and pride of the Orientals we may attribute the fact that any religion but that of Christ exists in the vast continent of Asia. Mohammedanism has brutalised man, and almost withered up the face of nature where it has set its foot; but it has not destroyed cities along with their inhabitants, and it has even preserved many Christian churches by degrading them into mosques. The time may come when the Church may reclaim her own, and when we may feel grateful, in a certain sense, that St. Sophia and a thousand other less famous churches have been desecrated instead of being destroyed. Christian antiquaries will then have access to new sources of information, that will promise an ample reward to their most industrious efforts. The monuments of the centuries that passed between the conversion of Constantine and the inroads of the Mussulmans have not yet engaged the attention that they deserve; and the results that Cavaliere Rossi has already arrived at in his labours in subterranean Rome—labours necessarily carried on under great disadvantages—seem to imply that research in the direction of which we speak would probably be very fruitful and important. It is not, however, in great cities like Constantinople that we might expect the only, or even the richest discoveries. The Mohammedan power was essentially a cause of desolation rather than of subjection; in many cases it simply depopulated cities and countries without supplying the place of their inhabitants, whom it swept away by the sword, or carried off as slaves. In such places, consequently, the cities and towns have been deserted; but their features have not been changed by the succession of generations that have occupied them since the Christian times. It is true that a number of causes have been at work to ruin them; but whatever remains belongs to the period of their desolation.

The attention of the learned world was called a year or two ago to a number of cities in the state of which we speak by the French savant, M. Melchior de Vogué. These cities lie in the neighbourhood of the ancient Antioch. He says that there are as many as a hundred and fifty of them within the space of thirty or forty leagues. They can hardly be called ruins; so untouched are they, so completely unruined, save by the hand of time. He compares the impression he received when among them to that which is felt on a visit to Pompeii, though more injury has indeed been done in their case;

for Pompeii was preserved from the effects of weather by the ashes of Vesuvius, and they have been exposed to the frequent earthquakes of the region of Syria. On the other hand, the novelty is greater; for we, strange to say, in reality know less of the Christian civilisation of the East in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries than of the Roman civilisation of the period of Pliny.

The French traveller tells us that these cities show considerable magnificence and opulence spent on the embellishment of private life. The houses are large, built of stone, with covered galleries and balconies; their gardens, cellars, wine-presses, and stables can be traced out. The public buildings are equally sumptuous; baths, porticoes, churches, and tombs all bearing witness to the time when Christianity was no longer hiding itself in their catacombs, but dominant in the empire, penetrating the whole of social and political life with its influence, and moulding to its own requirements a civilisation more ancient than that of Italy.

The mention of Antioch carries us back to the time when the Christian name was first given within its walls; to the days of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Ignatius; to the beloved physician Luke, and the Theophilus for whom he wrote his Gospel and then his Acts. But the antiquities of which we are speaking are those rather of the days of St. Chrysostom and his contemporaries and successors; and it is very probable that many a brilliant passage of this great preacher of the Eastern Church may find unexpected illustration in the remains of these deserted cities. It would be natural also to expect that additional evidence might be gathered from them as to the practical belief of the Church of that time in some of the points of doctrine that have since been made subjects of controversy. Christian inscriptions, monograms of the Holy Name, texts, and crosses abound; though, as M. de Vogué tells us, proper names are almost universally left out, as it would seem, from humility.

Another traveller in a region which actually formed part of the possessions of the Israelites, though it has been hitherto seldom visited, and never fully explored, testifies incidentally to the same abundance of monuments of the most prosperous centuries of the Eastern Church. The chief interest in Mr. Porter's late work is intimated in the name that he has selected for it; though his account of the *Giant Cities of Bashan* occupies but a small portion of the whole volume. The ancient Bashan, lying beyond the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, has often tempted the wistful gaze of travellers who have explored the western parts of Palestine; but it has up to this time been almost untrodden ground to Europeans. It is a region that is mentioned in the Psalms and other poetical books



of the Old Testament with a frequency that proves the high idea entertained of its fertility and beauty. It was the land of the old giants, the Rephaim, the last of whom was that Og, king of Bashan, whose huge bedstead was preserved long after the conquest of his people as a trophy and a curiosity. "For only Og king of Bashan remained of the race of the giants. His bed of iron is shown, which is in Rabbath of the children of Ammon, being nine cubits long, and four broad after the measure of the cubit of a man's hand" (Deut. iii. 11). But more lasting trophies than this huge bedstead remain to our own day to attest the power, if not the size, of these "giants." There is a remarkable statement in the description of the conquest of Bashan by Jair, the chief of the tribe of Manasseh, in the chapter already quoted, which at first sight might seem a great exaggeration. The "Argob," mentioned in the earlier verses of the chapter, seems to have been only a part of Bashan. Mr. Porter identifies it with a remarkable tract of country called the Lejah. It is a field of basalt, rising out of the midst of the plain of Bashan, above which it is elevated only about thirty feet, and in which it stands like an island in the sea, with a sharply-broken cliff bounding it all around. It measures about thirty miles by twenty; yet it is said to have in it "sixty cities fenced with high walls and with gates and bars, besides innumerable towns that had no walls." These wonderful cities still remain, thickly scattered over the rocky surface of the Lejah and of the rest of the plain of Bashan. They have never been destroyed by the hand of man; for man, it seems, in those countries at all events, has not yet invented any engines of war that could demolish them; nor have the ravages of time and climate been more successful. Walls, floors, roof, doors, window-shutters are all of stone slabs. The walls of the first examined by Mr. Porter, in the deserted town of Burak, "were perfect, nearly five feet thick, built of large blocks of hewn stone, without lime or cement of any kind. The roof was formed of large slabs of the same black basalt, lying as regularly, and jointed as closely, as if the workmen had only just completed them. They measured twelve feet in length, eighteen inches in breadth, and six inches in thickness. The ends rested on a plain stone cornice, projecting about a foot from each side wall. The chamber was twenty feet long, twelve wide, and ten high. The outer-door was a slab of stone, four and a half feet high, four wide, and eight inches thick. It hung upon pivots, formed of projecting parts of the slab, working in sockets on the lintel and the threshold; and though so massive, I was able to open and shut it with ease" (p. 26).

Another room in the same house was a great deal larger; and there were hundreds of such houses ready to shelter the traveller in



that one town of Burak, all deserted and in the same condition as that already described. The whole country is full of these empty cities. Another traveller, Mr. Cyril Graham, who went further eastward than Mr. Porter, says of one of these which he visited: "On reaching this city, I left my Arabs at one particular spot, and wandered about quite alone in the old streets of the town, entered one by one the houses, went upstairs, visited the rooms, and in short made a careful examination of the whole place; but so perfect was every street, every house, every room, that I almost fancied I was in a dream, wandering alone in this city of the dead, seeing all perfect, yet not hearing a sound. I don't wish to moralise too much, but one cannot help reflecting on a people once so great and so powerful, who, living in these houses of stone within their walled cities, must have thought themselves invincible; who had their palaces and their sculptures, and who, no doubt, claimed to be *the* great nation, as all Eastern nations have done; and that this people should have so passed away, that for so many centuries the country they inhabited has been reckoned as a desert, until some traveller from a distant land, curious to explore these regions, finds these old towns standing alone, and telling of a race long gone by, whose history is unknown, and whose very name is matter of dispute. Yet this very state of things is predicted by Jeremiah—xlvi. 9" (p. 53).

As to their number, the same writer says: "When we find one after another, great stone cities, walled and unwall'd, with stone gates, and so crowded together that it becomes almost a matter of wonder how all the people could have lived in so small a place; when we see houses built of such huge and massive stones that no force which can be brought against them in that country could ever batter them down; when we find rooms in these houses so large and lofty that many of them would be considered fine rooms in a palace in Europe; and lastly, when we find some of these towns bearing the very names which cities in that very country bore before the Israelites came out of Egypt,—I think we cannot help feeling the strongest conviction that we have before us the cities of the Rephaim of which we read in the Book of Deuteronomy" (p. 85).

The interest, however, that may be felt in these wonderful old cities, about which we have hitherto heard so little, ought not to be derived solely from their curious architecture, or from their connection with the Old-Testament history. The country in which they stand did not become a desert till the withering blast of Mohammedanism made it such: it was popular and flourishing in Roman times, and contained large Christian communities and churches, and the sees of numerous bishops. These cities, therefore, contain abundant monu-

ments of the different civilisations which, like strata placed one above another, have successively moulded the lives and manners of their inhabitants. The old houses may be those of the Rephaim, but the Israelites dwelt in them, the Greeks and Romans embellished them: they have sounded with Christian hymns and the holy names dear to Christians before the Mussulman came, not to dwell in them, but to make them tenantless, save by wild beasts.\* Greek and Roman remains are predominant; at least they attracted most the attention of our travellers. Let us take, for example, a city now called Kunawat, which is supposed to be the ancient Kenath. "At the Saracenic conquest Kenath fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, and then its doom was sealed. There are no traces of any lengthened Mohammedan occupation, for there is not a single mosque in the whole town. The heathen temples were all converted into churches, and two or three new churches were built; but none of these buildings were ever used as mosques, as such buildings were in most parts of Syria. Many of the ruins are beautiful and interesting. The highest part of the site was the aristocratic quarter. Here is a noble palace, no less than three temples, and a hippodrome once profusely adorned with statues. In no other city of Palestine did I see so many statues as there are here. Unfortunately they are all mutilated. We found, on examination, that the whole area in front of the palace has long ranges of lofty-arched cisterns beneath it, something like the temple-court at Jerusalem. These seemed large enough to supply the wants of the city during the summer. About a quarter of a mile west of the city is a beautiful peripteral temple of the Corinthian order, built on an artificial platform. Many of the columns have fallen, and the walls are much shattered. Early in the morning we set out to examine the ruins in the glen; it appears to have been anciently laid out as a park or pleasure-ground. We found terraced-walks, and little fountains now dry, and pedestals for statues, a miniature temple, and a rustic opera (theatre), whose benches were hewn in the side of the cliff: a Greek inscription in large characters, round the front of the stage, tells us that it was erected by a certain Marcus Lysias, at his own expense, and given to his fellow-citizens. From the opera a winding staircase, hewn in the rock, leads up to the round tower on the summit of the cliff. Beside the tower are the remains of a castle or palace, built of bevelled stones of enormous

\* "The ring of our horses' feet on the pavement awakened the echoes of the city, and startled many a strange tenant. Owls flapped their wings round the gray towers; daws shrieked as they flew away from the housetops; foxes ran out and in among shattered dwellings; and two jackals rushed from an open door, and scampered off along the streets before us" (p. 34).

size. The doors are all of stone, and some of them are ornamented with panels and fretted mouldings, and wreaths of fruit and flowers sculptured in high relief."

"Shulba is almost entirely a Roman city; the ramparts are Roman; the streets have the old Roman pavement; Roman temples appear in every quarter; a Roman theatre remains nearly perfect; a Roman aqueduct brought water from the distant mountains; inscriptions of the Roman age, though in Greek, are found on every public building. A few of the ancient massive houses, with their stone-doors and stone-roofs, yet exist; but they are in a great measure concealed, or built over with the later and more graceful structures of Greek and Roman origin." Just before, Mr. Porter visited a city, one of whose temples had long been used as a church, and in which the ruins of another church existed, which, according to an inscription, was dedicated by Bishop Tiberius to St. George in A.D. 369. At another city, Suweideh, are ruins heaped upon ruins, temples transformed into churches, churches again transformed into mosques, and mosques now dreary and desolate. Inscriptions were here, side by side, recording each transformation, and showing how the same building was dedicated first to Jove, then to St. George, and finally to Mohammed. It was the same at Bozrah, where there were found two theatres, six temples, and ten or twelve churches and mosques, besides palaces, baths, fountains, aqueducts, triumphal arches, and other structures almost without number. "In one spot, deep down beneath the accumulated remains of more recent buildings, I saw the simple, massive, primitive dwellings of the aborigines, with their stone-doors and stone-roofs. High above them rose the classic portico of a Roman temple, shattered and tottering, but still grand in its ruins. Passing between the columns, I saw over its beautifully-sculptured doorway a Greek inscription, telling how, in the fourth century, the temple became a church, and was dedicated to St. John. On entering the building, the record of still another change appeared on the cracked plaster of the walls; upon it was traced, in huge Arabic characters, the well-known motto of Islamism: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.'" Bozrah also has the remains of a large church, which seems to have been the ancient cathedral. "It is built in the form of a Greek cross; and on the walls of the chancel are some remains of rude frescoes, representing saints and angels. Over the door is an inscription, stating that the church was founded by Julianus, Archbishop of Bostra, in the year A.D. 513, in honour of the blessed martyrs, Sergius, Bacchus, and Leontius. Our guide," adds Mr. Porter, "called the building 'the church of the monk Bohira;' and a very old tradition represents this monk as

playing an important part in the early history of Mohammedanism. It is said he was a native of this city, and that, being expelled from his convent, he joined the Arabian prophet, and aided in writing the Koran, supplying all those stories from the Bible, the Talmud, and the spurious Gospels which make up so large a part of that remarkable book" (p. 71).

The churches that flourished in this tract of country were probably more largely composed of Jewish converts than those of whose antiquities we know the most; and consequently Jewish traditions and practices may have lingered in them to a much later date than in the churches around the shores of the Mediterranean. Mr. Porter and Mr. Graham hardly lead us to expect that we should find on the walls of these ruined cities of Bashan as many and as perfect records of the faith of their Christian inhabitants as struck the eye of M. Melcheir de Vogué in the neighbourhood of Antioch. Still it is obvious that the English travellers had but little time for leisurely examination, and that their chief interest lay in the remains of the Rephaim, or of the pagan worship of Greece. We know that one of the many morsels of the Christian system that have found their way into the Koran—perhaps by means of the very monk just mentioned—is the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The unchangeable Easterns have always maintained that doctrine; the Patristic scholar may have been struck by the large amount of Eastern testimony to the belief of the Church regarding it accumulated in the great work of Passaglia. It would be interesting, indeed, if some sculpture or painting in an old city in Syria were to show us how the contemporaries of St. Chrysostom and St. Ephrem were in the habit of representing it in art.

This, however, may be mere speculation. It is certain, however, that the two instances which we have dwelt on in this paper abundantly show that Asia Minor, Syria, and the countries about the Euphrates may be considered as inviting the Christian as well as the biblical antiquary to labour among their countless and marvellous ruins with every prospect of the richest recompense. A cry is now raised for the thorough exploration of Palestine; and there can be no doubt that Jerusalem and Galilee have the first claim on our attention. We trust to hear that cry swell into a demand for investigations that shall lay open to us the very abundant remains of Christian times that lie scattered over the whole East.

## Literary Notices.

## THE DECIPHERING OF CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

(Concluded.)

COMPARED with the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions, which we are now about to mention, those of the two preceding classes—namely, the Persian and the Scythic, of which we have treated in the earlier portion of this article—are few in number. It had long been supposed that the characters of this species were monogrammatic—each character, that is, being expressive of an idea. Grotefend, guided by the Aryan text, picked out the groups answering to the names of Cyrus, Hystaspes, Darius, Xerxes, and Nabuchodonosor. All advance, however, was slow: up to the year 1840 nothing of importance had been accomplished. Tychsen and Münter saw that certain characters *must* represent whole words. The truth is that the writing is both syllabic and monogrammatic. The monograms are degenerate hieroglyphics—that is, originally they were images of objects, but those objects can be recognised at present in very few instances. The oldest style of character, called hieratic, was found on the vase of Naramsin (now unfortunately at the bottom of the Tigris): it bears no trace of wedge-shaped or arrow-headed limbs, each line being formed of a straight stroke, and the figure formed by the lines approaching very closely to a hieroglyphic form. Intermediate between this species and the modern is the archaic, bearing evident traces of a simplification from the hieratic form. In fact, the common opinion now is that all alphabets have been produced by gradual simplification from hieroglyphics, or actual pictures of the objects intended to be represented. Herr Weber of Berlin has shown the primitive identity of the Sanscrit devanagari and the Phœnician alphabet; and we know that all ancient and modern European alphabets may be traced to this Semitic source. The old Phœnician characters, again, bear a striking resemblance to those cuneiform letters which correspond to them in sound.\*

\* Whilst avowing our present conviction that alphabetic signs originated in pictorial representations, we are anxiously looking forward to the publication of Dr. Levy's treatise, "*Die Geschichte der Semitischen Schrift.*" This learned paleographer, now so famed for his researches in the old Phœnician language and extant inscriptions,—a worthy successor of Gesenius,—has undertaken to lay before his readers, in this long-promised work, the results of his investigations regarding the origin of the Semitic alphabet. So far he opposes the theory advocated here, and shares Hitzig's view, that the elements of words are to be found in, so to say, constantly-recurring *monads*, and that the sounds thus constantly recurring were noted by signs slightly modified so as to correspond with the slight variations of those sounds which are closely allied but not identical. See his *Phœnizische Studien*, i. 47 et seq., and iii., Vorrede: Breslau, 1856-64.

In 1845 Löwenstern gave as his opinion that the language of the third species was Semitic. At length a short sentence was successfully deciphered by M. de Longpérier. In 1848 M. Botta, whose magnificent work on the monuments of Nineveh astonished the European world, proved the identity of the inscriptions of Van, Khorsabad, and Persepolis, and in those obtained in the two latter places an identity of grammatical forms; he also showed that the same sound was sometimes represented by different characters. In 1849 M. de Saulcy attempted an interpretation and analysis of the Elwend inscription. This was the first Assyrian text read, translated, and published with a commentary. The values which he gives to the Assyrian characters are alphabetic; and he tries to account for the great number of signs by supposing that the sign varied in shape according to the nature of the vowel inherent in the consonant; in a way analogous to that in which consonants are affected in the Ethiopic alphabet. It appears, therefore, that much more has yet to be done. Another memoir soon followed, based upon the same principles; but M. de Saulcy advanced no further than simply suspecting the syllabic character of the signs he was dealing with.

In 1849, aided by M. de Saulcy's acquisitions, the greater number of trilingual inscriptions in the hands of European scholars had been deciphered. It was about this time that Dr. Hincks set his hand to the work. He established the syllabic nature of the signs, and explained what had hitherto been considered as *homophones* (different signs expressive of the same sounds), by admitting the consonant, but changing the vowel-sound. This is now universally admitted. All investigators by this time were agreed that the language was Semitic, except M. Luzzato, who had made up his mind, on *à priori* principles, that the language was Sanscritic. The essay he sent out on the subject was an unfortunate production. In 1850 Sir Henry Rawlinson published a dissertation, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, on the inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria, together with the translation of an inscription on the Nimrod obelisk, but without any transcription or commentary. With this aid, nevertheless, M. de Saulcy managed to translate a long inscription of one hundred and fifty lines, obtained from the palace of Khorsabad.

In 1851 Mr. Layard published his inscriptions; and in the same year Sir H. Rawlinson published the Assyrian text of the Behistun inscription, with interlinear translation and an alphabet of two hundred and forty-six characters. Continental scholars have never forgiven him the literary misdemeanour of having retained this text in his possession for so long a space of time, without making it accessible to the public. They charge him with having acted in this manner in order to make it impossible for his discoveries to be anticipated. Our business is simply to state the fact, without at all entering into the case. He was the first who pointed out the polyphonic nature of some signs—that is to say, that a sign which he had read as A, for instance, in the transcription of a proper name, must be read as PAL in another, &c.: in other words,



that some signs were susceptible of many values and many sounds. This certainly seemed a strange state of things. On examining the group of symbols which should contain the name of Nabuchodonosor, according to the reading of the Persian and Scythic columns, the group presented these sounds, AN, PA, SA, DU, SIS. Hence the necessity for concluding that certain groups of signs form complex ideograms, and that these signs lent to ideographic expressions pronunciations different from those which they had under other circumstances. It is upon this point principally that Assyrian scholars and their opponents join issue. The latter refuse to swallow such a bitter pill, and will hear no more of any translations from the cuneiform character, in which such a strange course is necessitated. And yet nothing is easier than to explain this apparently singular phenomenon. When the Semites received from another people the character which represented a *house* for instance, they at the same time received the sound *val* applied to this character in the idiom of the inventors of the symbols, *val* being their word for *house*. But instead of this sound of *val*, the Semites gave to the sign the sound *bit*, which in Assyrian signified *house*. Hence the sign derived from the figure of a house has the two syllabic values, *val* or *mal* and *bit*. In like manner we have borrowed *ê*, a contracted form of *et*, from the Latin, but we always pronounce it *and* in English. Now the case would be exactly parallel to what takes place in Assyrian, if in English the sign *ê* were used not merely for the word *and*, but also for the two letters *et* where they occur together.

In 1852 Dr. Hincks published his memoir *On the Assyrio-Babylonian Phonetic Characters*, justifying the conclusions already formed. M. de Saulcy almost despaired at the curious turn the whole subject was taking. Meanwhile Mr. Layard published the results of his second journey. Still the opponents of this system of deciphering were not at all convinced. Such a state of things could not continue long. It was absolutely necessary that something more satisfactory should be done to quiet the straining minds of the public; and accordingly, in March 1857, Mr. Fox Talbot sent to the Royal Asiatic Society, in a sealed packet, a translation of a cuneiform inscription found on a cylinder. It was the first of those lithographed by authority of the Trustees of the British Museum. In doing this his wish was that Sir H. Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks should also translate the same inscription separately, and without any communication with each other, in order to show that practically, and considering the newness of the study, there was "a fair amount of agreement between different interpreters in their versions of the Assyrian historical writings of average difficulty." He thus expresses the objections raised:

"Many persons have hitherto refused to believe in the truth of the system by which Dr. Hincks and Sir H. Rawlinson have interpreted the Assyrian writings, because it contains many things entirely contrary to their preconceived opinions. For example, each cuneiform group represents a syllable, but not always the same syllable; some-



times one and sometimes another. To which it is replied, that such a license would throw open the door to all manner of uncertainty; that the ancient Assyrians themselves, the natives of the country, could never have read such a kind of writing, and that therefore the system cannot be true, and the interpretations based upon it must be fallacious." *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xviii. p. 160.

To the three translators already named Dr. Oppert was added; and a committee appointed to examine and report upon the translations, consisting of the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr. Grote, the Rev. W. Cureton, and Professor H. H. Wilson. Their report was given in on May 29th, and contains this passage: "Having gone through this comparison, the examiners certify that the coincidences between the translations, both as to the general sense and verbal rendering, are very remarkable." The first sentences of paragraph the sixth (i. 89) are thus translated:

## RAWLINSON.

"Then I went on to the country of Comukha, which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur, my lord; I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their moveables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burnt with fire, I destroyed and ruined."

## TALBOT.

"I then advanced against Kummikhi, a land of the unbelievers who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kummikhi throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women, &c., I carried off. Their cities I burnt with fire, destroyed and overthrew."

## HINCKS.

"At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qummukh, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Assur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qummukh as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their slaves, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up."

## OPPERT.

"In these days I went to the people of Dummukh, the enemy who owed tribute and gifts to the god Asur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukh; for its punishment (?) I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burnt in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them."

Nevertheless even the results of this experiment did not satisfy all parties.

M. Oppert continued his labours. In 1857 he sent out the text, translation, and commentary of the Borsippa inscription, which, according to him, contains distinct mention of the building of the Tower of Babel, and the confusion of tongues caused thereby. At this time another name was added to the small number of Assyrian scholars in the person of M. Ménant; and it is probable that the list will soon contain other names, now that Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. E. Norris, deputed by the authorities of the British Museum, have sent out two folio volumes of *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, many of which have now been translated. These volumes consist, the first of seventy

large lithographed plates of inscriptions, ranging from the brief legends on the bricks of the earliest Chaldean kings, which cannot be placed lower than 2000 years B.C., to the genuine edicts of the first Assyrian monarchs, and thenceforward in a continued series to those of the successors of Nabuchodonosor. More than sixty of these are strictly historical; they record the warlike expeditions and the architectural achievements of the princes of Nineveh and Babylon for eight centuries. The second volume contains nearly three hundred explanatory lists and vocabularies, which greatly facilitate the study of the inscriptions.

We come now to speak of the scientific expedition into Mesopotamia, undertaken at the desire of the French Government in 1851, by MM. Fulgence Fresnel, Félix Thomas, and Jules Oppert, the results of which have been made known to the public by the last-named gentleman. The first volume of the work contains a relation of the journey, with a short account of the principal objects of archæological interest in the various places they visited,—Malta, Alexandria, Beyrout, Baalbek, Nahr-el-Kelb, Alexandretta, Aleppo, Diarbekr, Severek, Gesireh, Nisibin, Mosul, Bagdad, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Babylon, and Nineveh.

M. Oppert enters into a few interesting details regarding the Jews of Bagdad. They are tolerably well instructed; many speak ancient Hebrew with a melodious pronunciation, which he thinks approaches the original sound. They ignore the *dagesh lene*; they pronounce *vau* like the English *w*, and *ain* like the corresponding Arabic letter; in fact, all Orientals avoid the disagreeable and absurd sound given to this letter by the Portuguese Jews. The commerce of the city is in their hands. There is a saying in Bagdad, that it takes two Jews to cheat a Greek, two Greeks to cheat an Armenian, and two Armenians to cheat a Persian. The English Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has not neglected Bagdad. Its missionaries are recruited from among Polish Jews, with whom baptism is a last resource. The two missionaries at Bagdad had succeeded in making one proselyte in ten years; but even this one went to the synagogue on Saturdays. Their position is any thing but enviable. Babylon and Nineveh, together with their environs, are of course described at great length, every interesting ruin here finding its place, and the ancient inscriptions connected with the spots visited being translated. The objects discovered in the numerous excavations they made were abundant and of the greatest importance. Bricks and inscriptions, finely-constructed cylinders, statues, various objects both in silver and gold, cinerary urns, glasses of all sizes, apparently of Phenician make, alabaster vases, painted vases, combs, mirrors, ivory styles with which the cuneiform letters were formed in the clay, and many other curiosities, were the reward of their two years' search. Unfortunately, on the 23d of May 1855, sixty-eight cases of these curiosities were swallowed up in the waters of the Tigris.

The second volume of this admirable work is devoted to the deciphering of inscriptions. A concise history of the study is given, and

the basis of investigation laid down. From the discoveries of Mr. Layard it is shown that the Assyrians themselves found a difficulty in reading this form of writing. Sardanapalus V. (660-647 B.C.) had a number of clay tablets constructed to facilitate the reading. He had them inscribed with signs, which he marked with their respective significations. Many of them have been discovered. One in the British Museum (K. 39) contains the following record :

"The palace of Sardanapalus, king of the earth, king of Assyria, to whom the god Nebo and the goddess of instruction [or the goddess Tasmil] have given ears to hear, and whose eyes they have opened to see, which is the foundation of government. They have revealed to the kings, my predecessors, this cuneiform writing. The manifestation of the god Nebo, . . . of the god of supreme intelligence, I have written upon tablets, I have signed it, I have arranged it, I have placed it in the midst of my palace for the instruction of my subjects."

These so-called *syllabaria* are a sort of vocabulary or dictionary of the language, and are arranged in three columns. The middle column exhibits the sign which is to be explained; that on the left generally gives the syllabic signification expressed in simple characters, and that on the right the ideographic value expressed in the corresponding Assyrian word. Specimens of these *syllabaria* are given in M. Oppert's work, and also in the British Museum series of cuneiform inscriptions edited by Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. E. Norris, of which we have already spoken. Fragments of grammars in two languages have also been found.

We have then inscriptions in Babylonian, Assyrian, Armenian, Scythian, and Persian, all the letters of which can be traced to one source. From the syllabic values attached to the letters, it seems clear that that source is not Semitic, but Finno-Uralian or Turanian. It is quite possible that the ancient Chaldeans may claim the merit of invention; for, as Mr. George Rawlinson has shown, this people was of Hamitic or Turanian origin.

M. Oppert examines the archaic form of letter, and traces it to the hieroglyphic. He then analyses grammatically and philologically a great number of texts, acknowledging difficulties where he finds them, and ready to listen to suggestions from others. He wishes nothing more than unprejudiced examination of his labours and impartial criticism. He has given copies and translations, in whole or in part, of the important inscriptions of Xerxes, Darius, Artaxerxes, Nabuchodonosor, Neriglissor, Nabonidus, Naramsin, Sargon, Sardanapalus V., and many others. We cannot speak too highly of this work; it is the best and the most complete on cuneiform inscriptions which we have yet seen. Commenced in 1856 at the request of M. Achille Fould, minister of state, and continued under the auspices of the Imperial government, it was only completed in 1863. To the student of this subject it is invaluable; and M. Oppert's place among cuneiform scholars is now fairly admitted to rank very high.

Among other contributions of this eminent scholar to the study to

which he now seems to have entirely devoted himself, we must not omit mention of his *Eléments de la Grammaire Assyrienne*, where he has collected into a grammatical form, and printed in Hebrew letters, the condensed results of his many years of labour.

In 1863, uniting his efforts to those of M. Ménant, he published *Les Fastes de Sargon, Roi d'Assyrie*, with text and translation; and in the same year he edited a philological commentary on the same inscription. These first appeared in the *Journal Asiatique*, but were afterwards published separately for the benefit of students.

In the same year appeared *Inscriptions de Hammourabi, Roi de Babylone (xvi<sup>e</sup> siècle avant J. C.)*, with text, translation, and commentary, by M. Ménant. In this work the editor pronounces himself in favour of the Semitic, not Hamitic, descent of the ancient inhabitants of Chaldea, for at least 2000 years before Christ. Sir H. Rawlinson, on the other hand, maintains, that about 2500 B.C. the primitive population which inhabited the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and which was of the Semitic family, was displaced in Babylonia by Turanian tribes from the Persian mountains. Co-existent with this Turanian empire in Babylonia there was an independent Semitic empire in Babylonia in the earliest times; and a Turanian dialect continued to be the prevailing language in Babylonia down to the age of Nabuchodonosor, or even later.

In 1860-1863 Mr. Fox Talbot published several translations of Assyrian inscriptions in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, but unaccompanied by a copy of the text.

It may be well to mention here an important document brought to light in a fragmentary form by Dr. Hincks in 1854, and afterwards reduced to form by Sir H. Rawlinson in 1862. This document, or rather these fragments of documents, contain an *Assyrian chronological canon*—that is to say, a list extending over a period of 264 years, of annual functionaries, archons, or eponymes, who gave their names to the Assyrian year. It is the most valuable contribution towards the recovery of ancient Asiatic chronology which has been made since the time when Selden deciphered and published the contents of the Parian chronicle, in the reign of Charles I. This discovery has given great confidence to cuneiform students.

So far we have followed the labours of those scholars, who, seeing a language in these strange signs, zealously set themselves to the task of deciphering them. As we have before remarked, 250 years have elapsed since the attention of Europeans was called to them; and all that has been accomplished in the way of rigorous and scientific analysis has been done within the present century, we may almost say within the last thirty years. As long, indeed, as the study of comparative philology was neglected, it was impossible to advance one step in the matter. Now, certainly, much, as we have seen, has been performed; but much yet remains to be done. We have followed with great and increasing interest the gradual progress made by M. Oppert and Sir H. Rawlinson;

and the public have perused with unexpected pleasure the volumes sent out by Mr. George Rawlinson, where the results of the investigations, and the conclusions to be drawn from the sculptured monuments of ages long since past, have been drawn up in the form of history. It would, indeed, be strange if all this time we had been wandering in fairy-land,—if the historical inscriptions, painfully deciphered, were nothing but spells, charms, cabalistic forms, and necromantic invocations; and yet this theory has at least one upholder. The genuineness of the almost universally-accepted translations is boldly denied.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis could not admit the polyphonic character of certain signs. He saw that the translators differed among themselves, and guarding himself against a complete denial, boldly stepped forward and declared that the key had yet to be found. Others either followed in his train or withheld their consent. But it was left to the Count de Gobineau to formularise his reasons for dissent, and at the same time propound a theory of his own.

The Count de Gobineau is the Colenso of the cuneiform inscriptions; but we fear that Dr. Colenso has found many more admirers and followers in his attacks upon the authenticity of the Pentateuch than the Count de Gobineau ever will in his attacks upon these translations. The learned Bishop has put forward real difficulties, in many cases extremely hard to solve: he has done this too in a very popular way, so that the very weakest intellect may see their application. We cannot say as much for the less learned Count. He has certainly exposed difficulties; but the real difficulties had been long ago known and avowed by the decipherers themselves. He has tried to make out a case for himself and against others; but this he has done in any thing but a popular way; and it requires no strong intellect to see that all his exertions have been thrown away, and that he has been engaged in building a castle in the air. With most admirable energy he has followed out his own idea; but, unfortunately, it is only too plain that it is a wrong idea. His mind, instead of following in the line laid down by those earnest and toiling scholars of England, France, Germany, and Denmark, whom we have mentioned above, has turned aside to a line of his own construction, which leads him at every step farther and farther from the right track, until in the end we find him in a most singular situation.

That there is something wanting in the shape of positive proof on the part of the decipherers of these inscriptions—something which will show to a demonstration that our cuneiform scholars have certainly struck upon the right track—no one pretends to deny. Bilingual and trilingual tablets and cylinders exist in abundance; but of what use are they when each language is in the arrow-headed letter? The equation for ever resolves itself into terms with an unknown quantity. What is really wanted is a bilingual inscription, of which one of the languages shall be known to any scholar. It is true that an inscription on a vase was published by the Count de Caylus, and the corresponding Egyptian hieroglyphics translated by Champollion, before the cuneiform letters

had been deciphered, and that the translations now agree. The same may be said of the vase belonging to the library of St. Mark at Venice, containing the name *Artaxerxes* both in hieroglyphics and in cuneiform letters. We would also call attention to the great similarity between the style in which Darius speaks of himself in the first and second paragraphs of the first column of the Behistun inscription, and the style in which Xerxes speaks as related in Herodotus (vii. 11). Darius thus speaks :

"I (am) Darius, the great king, the king of kings, the king of Persia, the king of the provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achæmenian. . . . My father (was) Hystaspes; of Hystaspes the father (was) Arsames; of Arsames the father (was) Ariyaramnes; of Ariyaramnes the father (was) Teispes; of Teispes the father (was) Achæmenes."

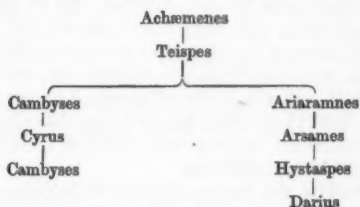
Xerxes is mentioned by Herodotus as saying, in a set speech :

"Did I not take vengeance on the Athenians, I should not be the son of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames, the son of Ariamnes, the son of Teispes, the son of Cyrus, the son of Cambyzes, the son of Teispes, the son of Achæmenes."

These instances are held to be by no means decisive.

Meanwhile the Institute of France, the first critical body in the world, has marked its due appreciation of the present results by awarding to M. Oppert, for his Assyrian decipherings, its biennial prize of 20,000 francs. Surely there must be some truth in that method of interpretation which, on reading the great inscription of Asshur-idannipal, shall find mention made of a figure of Tiglath-Pileser I., with an indication of its whereabouts, and mainly in consequence of that indication shall depute an explorer (Mr. John Taylor) to make the requisite search, until, as expected, it is found sculptured on a rock near Korkhar. In the face of such evidence disbelief must give way, unless probability stand for nothing.

It is true that, having no data to work upon, Grotefend had recourse to conjecture. He verified the results, and the verification did not overthrow his hypothesis. M. Oppert thus arranges the Persian dynasty according to the two branches of the house of Achæmenes :



Of the eight kings who preceded Darius, only Achæmenes, Cyrus, and Cambyzes are mentioned here. The other five must have been ancestors of Achæmenes, who was not the founder of a dynasty, but



the last of a constant succession, upon whom therefore Cyrus rested his claim.

Still the attention of scholars is being directed to those bilingual inscriptions, which, though exceedingly scanty and imperfect, seem nevertheless to be of some worth as a means of justifying the received translations. In 1864 Sir H. Rawlinson, in an article printed in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, thus expresses himself:

"The weak point in cuneiform decipherment, and that which, from its prominence, has especially tended to discredit the science, is the difficulty of reading proper names. Now I have never attempted to conceal this defect; on the contrary, I have repeatedly explained that as Assyrian proper names are usually composed of the name of a god represented by an arbitrary monogram, and of one or two other elements expressed by the primitive Turanian roots, it requires a very large induction, and if possible collateral illustration, to ascertain how such compounds were pronounced in vernacular Assyrian. I should have been quite content, for my own part, in all such doubtful cases to have indicated the names by mere signs (*x, y, z*, and so forth), but this was generally declared inadmissible; and I was obliged therefore to propose *some* reading, guarding myself, however, against the charge of empiricism by a query (?). Of course, as my studies advanced, other readings occurred to me as preferable, and were accordingly substituted; and it thus happens that in my published papers the same name will be sometimes found to exhibit successively three or four different forms; but this is rather an evidence of good faith than of imposture. I candidly confess that I am still in doubt as to the ordinary and vernacular pronunciation of the names of many of the chief divinities of Assyria . . . and that my proposed readings of the names of kings in which these elements occur are therefore in no way to be depended on. But this uncertainty does not in the least affect the authenticity of the translation of historical inscriptions, which are written for the most part phonetically, and the grammar of which can be analysed with as much confidence as any portion of the Hebrew Scriptures." Vol. i. N. S., p. 187, note.

It appears that among the Assyrian collections in the British Museum several clay tablets had been discovered bearing legends both in Assyrian and Phenician, those in the latter language being a sort of "docket" in the margin. These tablets relate to the varied transactions in the social life of the Assyrians, such as buying and selling; many, in particular, record the sale of slaves. Sir H. Rawlinson then undertook to compare the two inscriptions together; but unfortunately in hardly a single instance are the two clear and complete. The documents are for the most part frayed, or otherwise injured; the inscriptions are very short, and principally composed of proper names, or are couched in such brief phraseology that it is very difficult to understand them. So far, therefore, they have not proved of much utility in corroborating the previous translations.

There are, besides the Persian, Scythic, Babylonian, and Assyrian forms of writing, three others of which we have not spoken, and of which the languages are as yet almost unknown. They are the Susian, the Armeniac (ancient Armenian), and what M. Oppert calls the Casdo-Scythic.



If now, at the close of our remarks, we ask ourselves what are the great acquisitions with which the cuneiform decipherings and the Assyrian excavations have enriched the learned world, we shall find that they naturally class themselves under two heads—history and philology. For the historical part we must refer to Mr. George Rawlinson's *Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World*, where the results of the latest investigations are put in order, and handled in the way most befitting them.

The philological results are equally interesting. Two or three new languages have been discovered, of which the old Persian especially recommends itself to the students of Zend and Sanscrit; the Assyrian, on the other hand, to the students of the Semitic tongues. There can be little doubt that as soon as the Assyrian inscriptions have been thoroughly sifted and analysed, the philological portion of Hebrew dictionaries and grammars will have to be rewritten. This is not the place for a minute investigation of the subject; but we cannot refrain from mentioning one result which strikes us as of very great importance. It has been found that analogous to the *nunation* which obtains in Arabic substantives, there also prevailed in Assyrian a *mimation*, taking the place of an article, which part of speech does not exist in this language. In later Assyrian the consonantal termination was gradually corrupted into a vowel, whence perhaps arose the *emphatic state* of nouns in the Aramean idioms. Now, that a *mimation* formerly existed in Hebrew we have abundant proof in certain relics of nouns now used as adverbs. In ancient Hebrew a termination in *m* may have either expressed the emphatic state of a substantive or served as a case-ending, the preceding vowel being *short* in the singular and *long* in the plural. Have we not here the real origin explained of the form *Elohim*, about which commentators have disputed so much, which grammarians have hitherto considered as a plural, but which we suppose to be the emphatic state of the singular noun? In a name pronounced with such great reverence and respect by the Jews as were all the names of the Deity, it is natural to expect that the ancient form would not be so much corrupted as the terminations of other nouns. So also the termination in the words *Adonai* and *Shaddai* would then be fully intelligible. The *mimation* would have been lost in these more commonly used words; but the vowel would have remained behind as a fragment, to point out the history of the original form and subsequent change. We beg to submit this theory to the consideration of Semitic scholars more capable than ourselves of pronouncing upon this philological question.

## DR. NEWMAN'S HISTORY OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.\*

A YEAR ago the whole of England was talking of Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, and thanking the rude impertinence of Mr. Kingsley for having furnished the occasion, rather than the necessity, for a volume of such wonderful interest and power. We say the occasion, rather than the necessity, because it was obvious that neither by the character of his assailant nor by the specific charge put forward by him, was Dr. Newman obliged to do more than ask for his proofs; and, when these were so confessedly not forthcoming, to leave to the judgment of the public the question between one so recklessly attacked and a writer who showed himself at once so ready to make the blackest accusations, so impotent to justify them, and so reluctant manfully to retract them. But it was felt then, and indeed it was avowed by Dr. Newman, that under the circumstances of the case the full and open defence of himself contained in the *Apologia* was most opportune. Dr. Newman's commanding intellectual position, the straightforwardness and simplicity of his conduct, the great influence over his countrymen that he had seemed to throw away so carelessly, the logical accuracy with which he had, at the greatest cost to himself, followed out his principles to their legitimate conclusion, made him a person whom it was impossible to forget or to ignore; and any plausible charge that might dwarf or obscure him, morally or intellectually, was eagerly sought for by the more ungenerous among those who were earnestly opposed to the conclusions at which he had arrived. It may be truly said that he has never lost the admiration and even the sympathy of the best and noblest hearts among those whom he has left behind him; and even the animosity with which he has been assailed by men of a very different character is a proof how much he has been feared. As his course had certainly and confessedly been an abandonment of a position that he had once thought tenable, and whom no one had ever defended more loyally or more successfully, it was very natural that an attempt should be made to fasten upon him the charge of treachery—the charge which it is so easy to make against any one who, being in a prominent and influential position, has changed his opinions; and as in Dr. Newman's case the change was not made suddenly, but after many years of patient prayer and intense mental anxiety, it was almost impossible but that the circumstances of such a time of suspense and trial should furnish malevolent critics and willing detractors with many opportunities for their attacks. Dr. Newman's path was in itself one of the most difficult that a conscientious man ever had to tread; few now will venture to say that they can find any fault with the way in which he trod it. This is the victory over the public mind that has been gained by the *Apologia*. It has been criticised in every organ of public opinion; and a most interesting volume might be written on the

\* *History of my Religious Opinions.* By J. H. Newman, D.D.

criticisms that it called forth. Many have shown great incapacity to understand the intellectual grounds of Dr. Newman's course, and have consequently contained severe remarks upon his logic ; many have speculated on the supposed morbid tendencies of his mind, his over-sensibility, or his refined subtlety, or his craving for impossible certainties ; thus seeking to elude the force of his witness and his example by elevating him into a sphere of his own, and treating him as a being differently constituted from the rest of mankind. There have been some unkind, some ungenerous remarks ; but there has been universal agreement among all critics worthy of the name as to the honesty of his purpose and his perfect sincerity throughout. But this, as we said, is a victory gained over the public mind at the cost of the pain and exertion that were expended on the composition of the *Apologia* ; and before that book was written there was an indefinite floating impression of a different kind upon the public mind, the result of many combining causes, most unfair as well as most painful to Dr. Newman, and the chief strength of such assailants as Mr. Kingsley. Dr. Newman tells us that he had always had a sort of tacit understanding with himself that, if an opportunity were ever given him, he would endeavour to remove and change that impression ; and that it was in consequence partly of this resolution that the attack of Mr. Kingsley received from him so much more attention than in itself it might seem to have deserved.

The *Apologia*, as every one knows, was in form polemical and occasional ; but it contained under that form the substance of a perfect autobiography, as far as religious opinions make up a man's life. It is very natural, therefore, that now that the immediate occasion of the book has passed away, Dr. Newman should recast it, and take the opportunity to exclude such portions of it as are related simply and entirely to Mr. Kingsley. He has now therefore given us the substance of the *Apologia* under a new name : the greater part of the Introduction, which dealt with his adversary's line of argument and the way to meet it, is omitted, as well as those wonderfully pungent passages in the Appendix, in which "blot" after "blot" of the pamphlet of accusation was so clearly exposed. The more important parts of the Appendix, such as the passage on the Anglican Establishment, and on the sermon on "Wisdom and Innocence," are retained in the form of notes. Dr. Newman has also added a very interesting note on Liberalism, on which we may speak presently ; and has taken the opportunity of inserting the prospectus and catalogue issued by him in 1843, when he proposed to bring out the series of the *Lives of English Saints*, some of which were afterwards published independently. The book has thus taken the shape in which Dr. Newman wishes it to stand among his works for the future ; and if the copies of the *Apologia* were all to be lost, some literary New Zealander, many years hence, who might undertake to illustrate for the benefit of his contemporaries the writers of the nineteenth century, might have to search diligently among the records of what will then be antiquity, and frame ingenious conjec-

tures from the comparison of different passages in order to arrive at a certain conclusion as to the name and character of the "accuser" of Dr. Newman.

The note on Liberalism has a twofold interest. Dr. Newman has in various passages spoken of Liberalism in a way that shows the strongest dislike and disapproval of the form of opinion signified by the term, and yet he has a genuine admiration for some who have called themselves Liberals. The description which he now gives of Liberalism removes the apparent inconsistency :

"Liberty of thought is in itself a good ; but it gives an opening to false liberty. Now, by Liberalism I mean false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place. Among such matters are first principles, of whatever kind ; and of these the most sacred and momentous are especially to be reckoned the truths of Revelation. Liberalism, then, is the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the Divine Word" (p. 288).

This definition, to which no one can possibly object, points out the thorough *unreasonableness* of the false Liberalism which infects so large a part of the educated mind of the country in the present day, and is consequently sure to be extremely unpalatable to certain critics in the public press who are themselves labouring under the malady. Some of them have *writhed* around it, as snakes round the steel that has pierced them. They have tried to raise the question, "But what are first principles?" and they have fastened upon a catalogue of falsely liberal propositions subjoined by Dr. Newman, in the hopeless endeavour to escape from the keen reason that has transfixed so many of their own favourite opinions. We have even heard Dr. Newman's logical powers called in question because he has not taken the trouble to point out the connection between the general propositions and the particular opinions that he has classed under them. On the whole, this catalogue of liberal propositions, like other passages in Dr. Newman's works, contains in a short space a storehouse of argument against the "Liberalism" he condemns. The propositions that he gives underlie a great portion of the thought and current literature of the day.

Dr. Newman further speaks of a personal and historical matter. His statement in the *Apologia*, that it was the Liberals that drove him from Oxford, seems to have given pain, if not offence, and he has been urged to withdraw the statement. Instead of withdrawing it, he justifies and repeats it. He gives an interesting sketch of the rise of the "Liberal" party in Oxford, of the stand made against it by Mr. Keble, and of its ultimate modification when younger men than himself, especially the pupils of Dr. Arnold, joined it. He assigns the proceedings of 1841 — when the "Four Tutors" protested against No. 90, and the Tracts were stopped — as the turning-point of the contest in Oxford. Those proceedings were the work of the Liberal party.

No one will venture to question the historical fact, though the Liberals of our time are ashamed of it, because the move which had results so pregnant was, in fact, contrary to the professed principles of their party. It was a distinct appeal to the Protestantism of the country. That power once aroused against him, Dr. Newman's position became hopeless, even if it had not been on other grounds untenable in itself. That power supported the "Liberal" heads and masters in their assault upon him, though Oxford, putting aside the question of Catholic tendencies, is not by tradition "Liberal." It can bear with and honour Dr. Pusey as long as he has no Roman tendencies; it can discard Mr. Gladstone because he seems to it to be too "Liberal."

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"WILD TIMES."

THE writer of this tale has been struck with the fact that no period of English history presents more ample materials for the better kind of romantic and sensational fiction than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A sovereign was on the throne whose title was not without a flaw; who was obliged by the necessities of her antecedents to oppress, but to oppress with craft, in preference to open persecution—where that could be avoided—the old religion of the nation, which still remained the religion of the majority; and who was in continual fear of formidable hostilities from without. Such a state of things forced on the government a system of grinding vexation, of insidious eaves-dropping, closet-hunting espionage,—a system that bought the blood of the master from the servant, and sometimes that of the elder brother from the younger, or that of the head of the family from his nearest relation, whose avarice or ambition was tempted by the prospect of taking the place and inheriting the property of his victim. No method of government that has ever existed within the four seas of Britain was more un-English; none even leant to so large an extent upon mendacity, torture, the corruption of judges, and the intimidation of jurors—in a word, upon the employment of the foulest means and the most loathsome instruments. On the other hand, the position of the persecuted was one of great perplexity as well as great suffering; every kind of trap was laid to ensnare consciences, and the most loyal nobles and gentry in the land found themselves stained with the imputation of treason and the charge of corresponding with Spain, because they wished to save their souls in the faith of their ancestors. As the priest-hunter and persecutor passed from house to house, and sought, above all things, to have the way prepared for him by domestic treachery, the most intimate family life was invaded and often desolated by the basest villany. This searching persecution had to be met by secrecy, disguise, feigned names, secret chambers, and all the devices by means of which the wisdom of the serpent could be brought to defend the innocence of the dove; and in many cases the hard circumstances of the time gave occasion for actions of great daring and

valour, as well as the patient exercise of all the virtues that are the special ornament of the suffering and the injured.

The scene of *Wild Times* is chiefly laid in Dorsetshire, in the year following the defeat of the Spanish Armada. We shall leave our readers to make acquaintance with the plot of the story for themselves. The principal characters are Sir Hugh Glenthorne, a Catholic gentleman, already more than half ruined by the exactions which drained the fortunes of the recusants; his sister Amy, and her betrothed Sir Guy de Montemar, sheriff of the county, who, though a Protestant, is an unwilling executor of the tyranny of the government; and the third member of the family, the younger brother Amadée, who has devoted himself to the priestly life, and whose return from abroad to exercise his functions for the benefit of souls in England gives occasion to the various complications of which the story is made up. On the other side, we have the Earl of Montemar, president of the western counties, a time-serving aspirant after favour and honour, and his daughter Blanche, the betrothed of Hugh. The *dramatis personæ* are completed by a Gipsy Queen and her adherents, who come in as occasion serves to help the cause of the oppressed, and the odious Topcliffe, who, with the assistance of a traitor in the household of Sir Hugh, brings about all the misery.

The characters are carefully drawn, and the author's design in balancing them shows much discernment. The supernatural strength derived from the priesthood shines out more conspicuously in the otherwise somewhat too feminine character of Amadée; on the other hand, Hugh, the elder brother, has far more of the gifts of nature, and is drawn as a pattern of the high-minded, courageous English gentleman; but he fails for a moment characteristically at the sight of the tortures to which his brother is subjected by Topcliffe. There is the same kind of antithesis between the female characters. Some of the scenes are powerfully drawn, and none of the incidents exceed in strangeness real facts of the history of the time; though the author has, perhaps, yet to learn that historical fiction, which represents the ordinary circumstances of a particular period, must often not allow itself to be as strange in its incidents as the more exceptional facts of real history.

On the whole, *Wild Times* is a very good novel, and we trust that the author may again meet us in the same line of literature. If he should ever have occasion again to introduce the machinery of carrier-pigeons, we trust that he will not make the same pigeon go to and fro with messages at the discretion of the young lady to whom it belongs; and, as another morsel of minute criticism, we may add, that although Shakespeare has made us familiar with the expression of "a Daniel come to judgment," it strikes us as a new form of the phrase when we find Lord de Montemar telling his indignant daughter, "Even so; I avow it; you are a very *Daniel in the lions' den* this evening."



BUBBLES OF FINANCE.\*

As nothing will ever prevent more than half the world from desiring to get rich all at once, and from believing that there are many safe and sure ways of doing so, if only they can hit upon the right speculation, so nothing will ever put a stop to the invention of new financial schemes, decked out in the most attractive colours, each of which may in turn be presented to the unwary as the one safe investment which is to make them millionaires at once. The demand creates the supply; and the class of men who live upon the avarice and gullibility of the public, the men who "promote" and "bring out" new joint-stock companies which they themselves are the first to abandon, seems to be largely on the increase. Under these circumstances, the papers which are collected in this little volume, and which appeared originally in Mr. Charles Dickens' *All the Year Round*, attracted much attention, and were welcomed as a reasonable addition to popular information. They range over most of the more hazardous departments of speculation. They are cast in the light narrative form, most suited to the pages in which they originally appeared; but there seems no reason to doubt that they contain more solid information on the subjects of which they treat than is elsewhere to be found. These things are matters of experience; and the state of things depicted in these chapters is certainly worthy of very serious attention. The author writes in a lively, entertaining style; but the real worth of his book is not in its writing, but in its facts. There is no reason to doubt the general truthfulness of the representation; and as the victims of the bubbles of finance are often the most industrious or the most helpless of the community—men who have saved up a small competence by the labours of a life and are anxious to provide for their families, widows who have a number of children to bring up, invalids, retired servants, and the like—it is very much to be wished that real information as to the kind of schemes, that are so often presented to the public under false colours, should be as widely diffused as possible.

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GIBSON'S CATECHISM MADE EASY.†

Our present number contains a poem on the *Workhouse*, the author of which has spoken in strong and severe language of the miseries of workhouse schools. At Liverpool the pauper children have a building to themselves in Kirkdale; and Mr. Gibson speaks highly of the care that is taken of them. They are taught industrial occupations, and ultimately put out to service or apprenticed. Liverpool, we believe, is honourably distinguished among the great towns in England for the liberality with which its institutions are conducted as to the vital

\* *The Bubbles of Finance*: Joint-Stock Companies, Promoting of Companies, Modern Commerce, Money-Lending, and Life-Insuring. By a City Man. 1865.

† *Catechism made easy*: being a familiar Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. In 3 vols.; vol. i. Liverpool, 1865.



question of the religious rights of their inmates of different creeds. In this Kirkdale school, however, there is provision made for a Protestant chaplain out of the rates; none at all for a Catholic chaplain, though the majority of the children profess the Catholic religion. A chaplain is, however, paid by the Catholics themselves, and he has the religious instruction of his children unmolested.

The little work which Mr. Gibson has begun to publish is the result of the experience of many years, during which he has had to teach these children. Such experience has, of course, led him to aim at the utmost simplicity and plainness. We may say further, that it seems to us to have enabled him to attain these qualities. The present volume contains instructions on the first three chapters of the ordinary Catechism. Each instruction is enriched by an appropriate story.

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WE must confine ourselves for the present to an acknowledgment of the receipt of several works that we may take an early opportunity of noticing, especially Canon Oakeley's *Lyra Liturgica*; and *Catholic Missions in Southern India*, the joint work of the Rev. W. Strickland and Mr. T. W. M. Marshall.

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"\* \* \* Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

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